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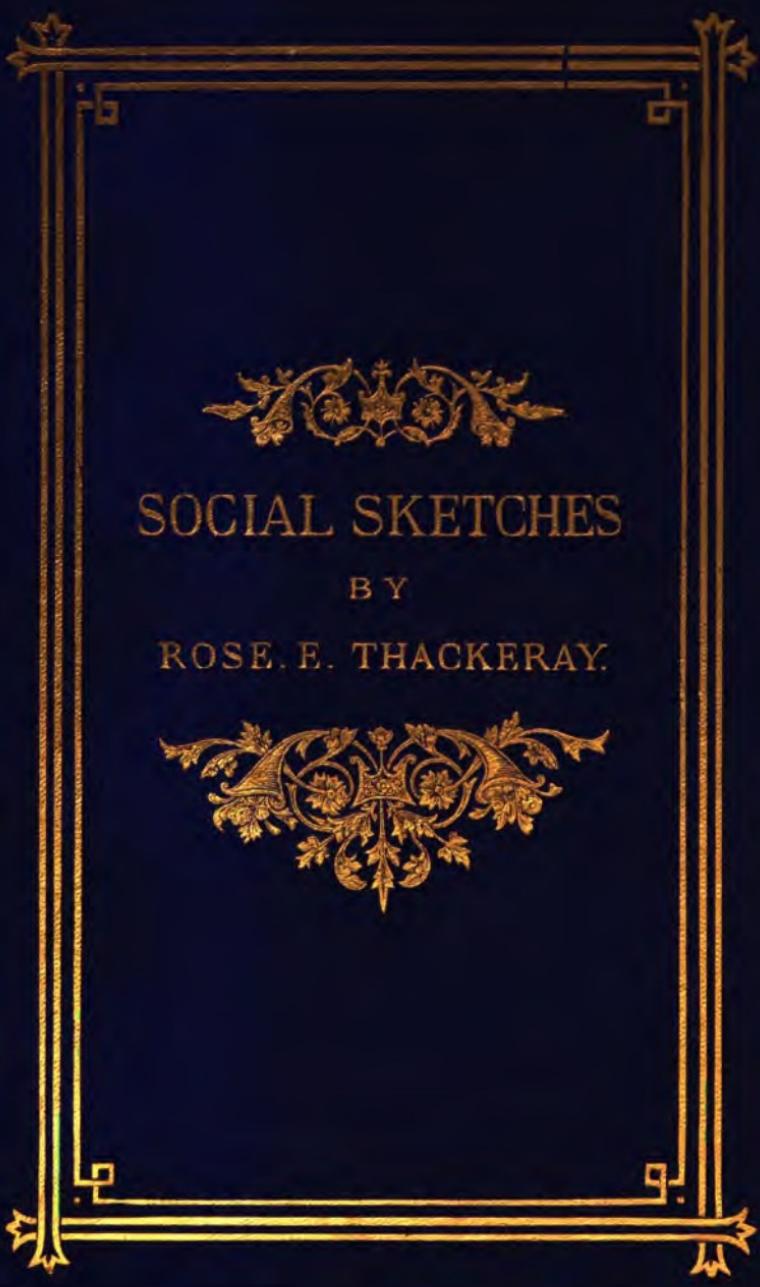
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SOCIAL SKETCHES

BY

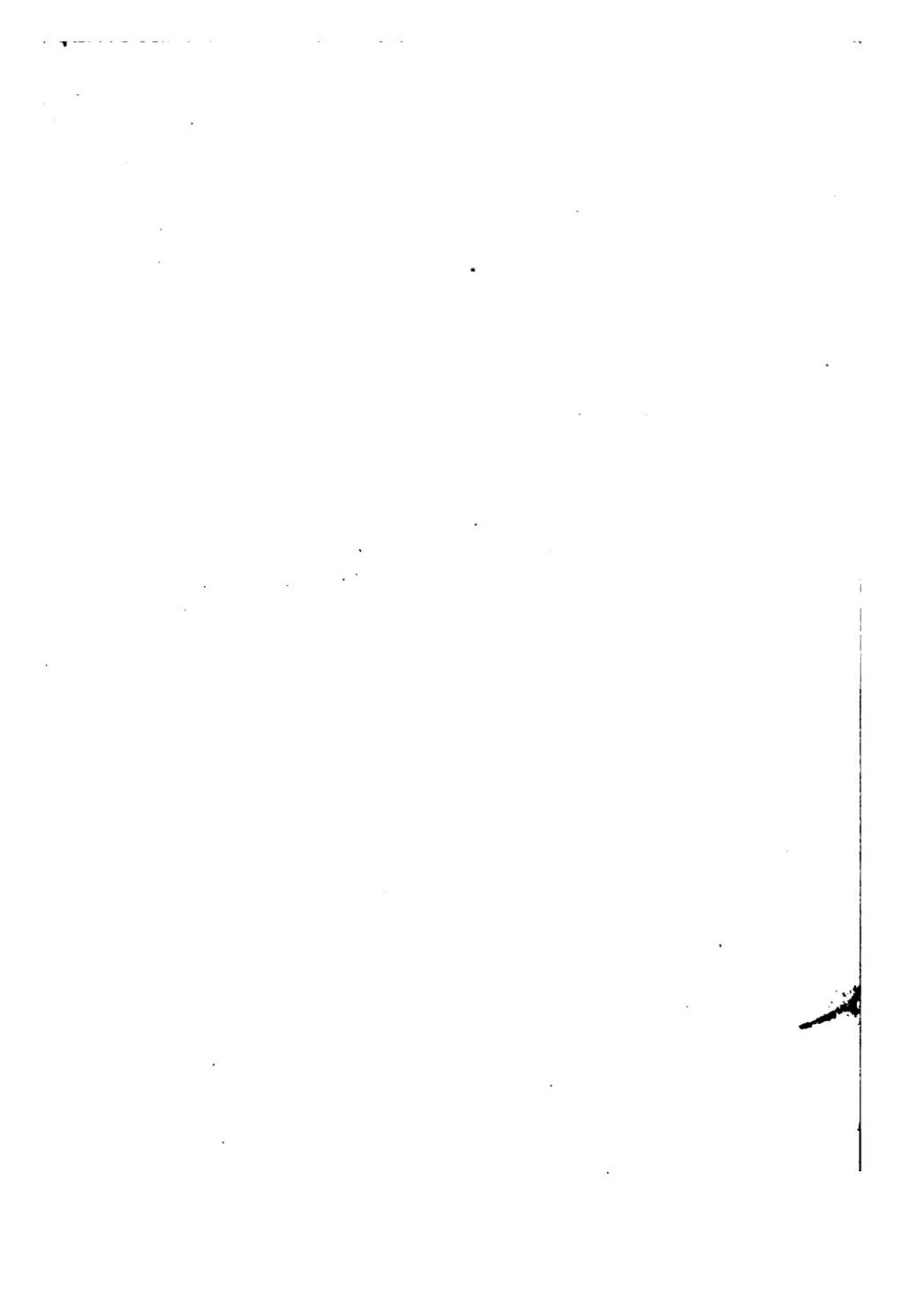
ROSE E. THACKERAY.

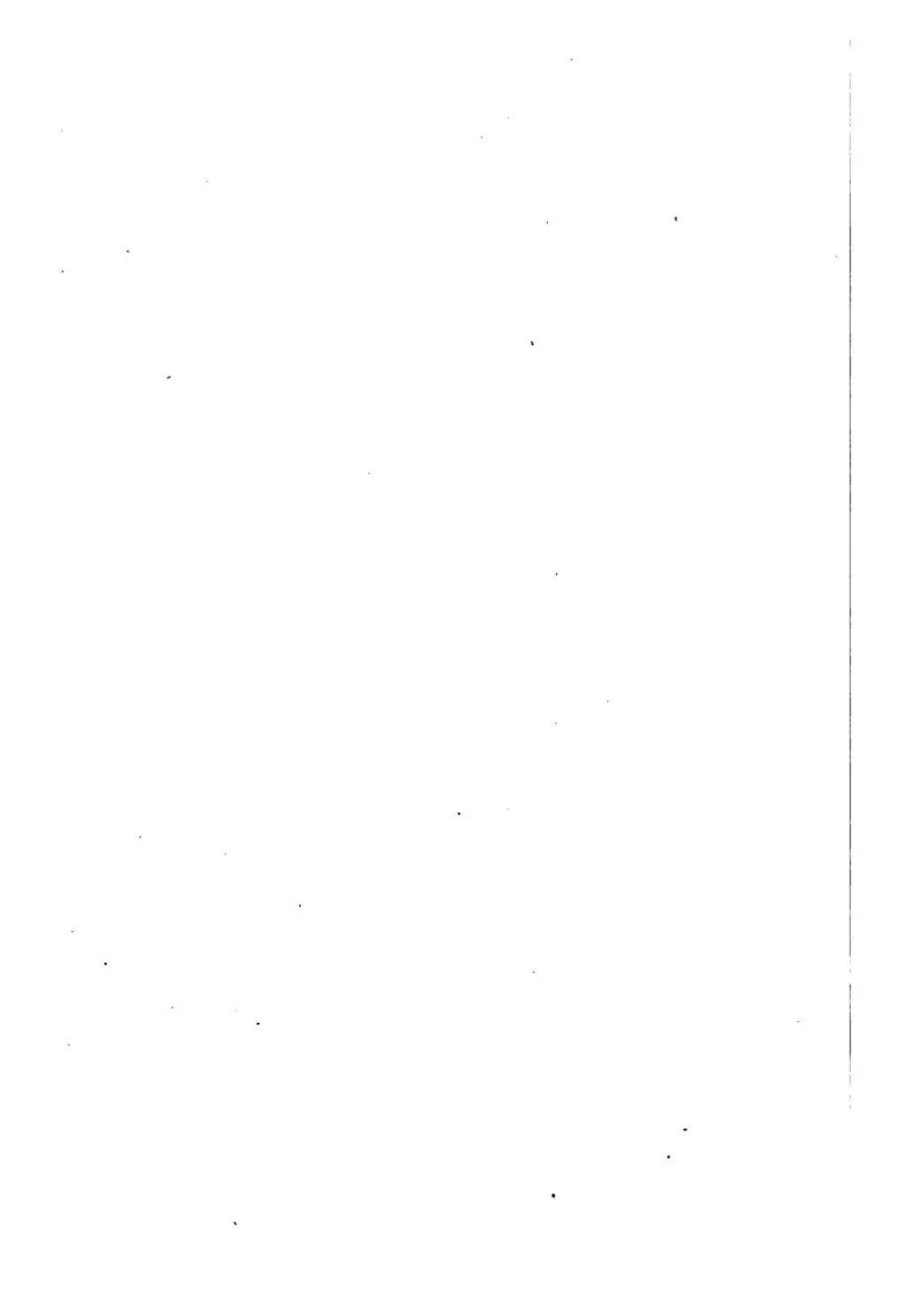




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SOCIAL SKETCHES,

IN VERSE,

BY

ROSE E. THACKERAY.

"From grave to gay; from lively to severe."

London:

T. CAUTLEY NEWBY, PUBLISHER,
30, WELBECK STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE.

1868.

[THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION IS RESERVED.]

280. j. 153.



DEDICATED TO

MY SON,

R. E. T.

HORSTEAD RECTORY,

May 3rd, 1868.

"Tho' no bold flights to thee belong,
And tho' thy lays with conscious fear,
Shrink from judgment's eye severe,
Yet much I thank thee, spirit of my song.
For lonely Muse, thy sweet employ,
Exalts my soul, refines my breast ;
Gives each pure pleasure keener zest,
And softens sorrow into pensive joy.
From thee I learnt the wish to bless ;
From thee to commune with my heart ;
From thee, dear Muse, the gayer part,
To laugh with pity at the crowds that pass ;
Where fashion flaunts her robes by folly spun,
Whose hues gay varying wanton in the sun."

COLERIDGE.

C O N T E N T S.

	Page
The Village Sabbath Day	1
My Child at Prayer	3
Village Morning	4
The Rustic's Life	5
The Cottage Girl's Lament	6
To the Forsaken One	9
The Dying Girl	10
The Youth's Farewell to Home	11
To the Young Maiden	12
The Evening Star	13
The Village Volunteers	14
Twilight	15
Domestic Ins and Outs	16
The Pauper and the Duchess	17
Receipt for a Head	20
To a Rose	21
On the Death of an Aged Pilgrim	22
The Country Town Pastry Cook's Shop	23
The Soliloquy—before the County Ball	28
The Soliloquy—after the Ball	29
The Poor Old Maid	30
The Register Office	32
The Youth	38
Meditation	39
Loneliness	40
The Consumptive	41
The Cruel Step-mother	42
Time	44
Fatigue	44
Excuses	45
Sympathy	49

CONTENTS.

	Page
To a beloved deceased Father	51
To a beloved deceased Daughter	53
To my Sister	55
To my Mother	57
The Soldier's Death	58
"And she lay a-dying"	60
The Kindred Spirit	62
The Village Concert	64
On viewing the Ocean	68
The Faded Flowers	69
Charade	70
The Chignon	71
An Alphabetical Fourth of June at Eton, 1868	74
The Poaching Dog	76
Country Visits, or Five o'clock Tea	78
Packing Day	82
The Rose Show	84
To the Spendthrift	86
The Morning Watch	87
London	90
On the New Year	92
The First Singing Lesson	94
The Soldier's Funeral	96
The Homesick Turk	98
Leaf from Lady Betty's Diary	100
Leaf from Lady Constance's Diary	103
Sudden Death	105
To the Obelisk of Sallust	108
The Wild Horse	110
Conundrum	111
Rousseau's Last Words	112
Conundrum	113
The Prisoner of Spielberg	114
The Czar's Choice	116
The Oubliette	123
The King of the Beasts	125
The Conscript's Bride	127
Queen Joanna	132
Petrarch's Dream	135
The Dying Nun to the Novice	137
The Bandit's Wife	140
Dafydd y Garry Wen	142

THE VILLAGE SABBATH-DAY.

I love along the meads to stray,
When brightly shines the Sabbath-day ;
The rustics, all their toil forgot,
Prepare to leave each lowly cot ;
The housewife plies her wheel no more,
But shuts her peaceful cottage door,
And takes her calm and happy way
To the neat church, her vows to pay.
The youthful to the aged sire
Are dressed in all their best attire,
And all is hushed in wood and dell,
Except the sheep's low tinkling bell.
Now, when the morning prayer is o'er,
They issue from the low porch'd door ;
The rosy children haste to share
The smoking board of humble fare,

Till lured by nature's smiling face,
They woods and lanes and dingles trace.
The sun hath shot its last bright ray,
Proclaiming the decline of day;
The loud laugh of the labouring swain
In murmurs dies along the plain;
The twice told tale and jest—not new—
Are mingled with each last adieu;
Soft twilight comes, and deep in shade
The village landscape now is laid,
Till night's fair queen resumes her reign,
Surrounded by her starry train;
And save the watch-dog naught is heard,
For gone to roost is every bird;
Peacefully sleeps the village swain,
To nerve him for his toil again.
Farewell, sweet pensive hour of night,
I'll rest me till the morning light,
And calmly close my eyes and say,
I love a village Sabbath-day.

MY CHILD AT PRAYER.

" Pure as the prayer which childhood wafts above."

BYRON.

Thy sports are o'er, sweet child, the day is done,
And the last ray of the resplendent sun
Lights thy sweet cheek, as meekly kneeling there,
Thou mov'st thy cherub lips in artless prayer ;
Thy rosy fingers resting on the knee
Of her who guides thy helpless infancy ;
Thy joyous smiles are o'er, yet still is there
That placid smile, such as the angels wear.
Oh ! Thou who lov'st mild innocence and truth,
Look'st down with favour on the steps of youth,
Let this sweet child a father's kindness share,
And keep his heart from taint, his brow from care;
And should the world with strong temptations
lure,
'Neath Thy protection may he rest secure ;
And when the wicked spread the gilded snare,
Let him repeat his childhood's artless prayer.

VILLAGE MORNING.

EARLY RISING.

The sun is up, lights all the world around,
And nature echoes with a joyous sound ;
Birds from their leafy bowers seek for food,
The deer shakes off the dew and leaves the wood,
The sheep, unpenn'd, with careless footsteps stray,
Along the lane the oxen wend their way.
All nature calls, and shall not man awake ?
And from his brow each drowsy slumber shake ?
Say, like the sluggard, shall he turn away—
Veil from his eyes the beauteous beam of day ?
No ; rather let his waking thoughts be given
To gratitude, that incense meet for Heaven.
Then let him seek the upland's breezy blow,
And mark spring op'ning in the vale below ;
There to look round, that will a lesson give
To the soul's health'—twill teach him how to live !
'Twill teach him more than all the sage can say—
More than the ponderous tome, the minstrel's lay.
Health o'er his frame her blooming stores will shed,
And peace with comfort hover o'er his head.

THE RUSTIC'S LIFE.

Whilst sloth is sunk on beds of down,
He meets the sun upon the hill,
His hands the fleecy flocks unpen,
Before his rays the valley fill.

Labour, a plain and honest friend,
Warm from the fountain of the heart,
With cheerful voice the rustic hails,
And tends the plough, or drives the cart.

The swarthy hinds, in russet dressed,
Though all untaught in courtly style,
In homely guise their thoughts express,
Nor wish for language to beguile.

The village maids, with milk pail crown'd,
Inhale the precious balm of health;
Their glowing cheeks and ruby lips
Outvie the golden dreams of wealth.

THE COTTAGE GIRL'S LAMENT.

"Her history may be told
In one word—love ! and what hath love been
But misery to woman ?"

L. E. L.

Another day is past, why comes he not ?
Another day, and am I quite forgot ?
Another day, I watch the opening door ;
Another day, I pace the silent floor.

Another day, all listlessly and lone,
I listen to the wind's incessant moan,
While the clouds flit athwart the leaden sky,
And with the wind I echo sigh for sigh.

Oh ! withered is my heart—withered, and left.
Blighted and sad, of every hope bereft ;
Pallid and wan, I see my colour fly,
With all the brightness of my dimming eye.

My mother asks me why I sit alone ?
My father says, " Where is her joyous tone ?"
My sister sighs, and wonders why I weep,
And why I turn so often in my sleep.

I cannot tell ; I look forth on the year,
I long for spring ; but oh ! when spring is here,
What will avail the shrub, the flower, the leaf ?
Say, can they charm a heart o'erwhelmed with
grief ?

The trees may bloom, the meadows look as gay,
The earth may teem with buds of fallen May,
But can I go my waking plants to trim,
When they are scentless, hueless, without him ?

How oft to ease me in my lightsome toil,
He with strong arm would raise the humid soil,
While each sweet tendril, blossoming so fair,
I'd place with smiling, fond affection there.

My father's dog looks up into my face,
As if, poor fellow ! even he can trace
The passage worn by tears upon my cheek—
I, who was once so merry at a freak.

My soft, grey kitten plays upon the hearth,
And seems to say, "Why don't you share my
mirth?"

While my poor bird, the very bird he caught,
Sits mute o'er tuneful lessons I have taught.

Where shall I turn? how ease me of my sorrow?
How shall I gaze less restless on the morrow?
I'll put my kirtle green on, and to-day,
Go forth to hear our aged pastor pray.

TO THE FORSAKEN ONE.

You heard the flattering tale of love:
The tale in part was true,
The rapture was indeed sincere,
Had it been lasting too.

But here, alas ! the passion ceased,
Although its object you,
And hence like more deserted maids,
You found enough to rue.

Your Damon proved a fickle swain,
His mind was bent on pelf ;
Your share of that was much too small,
For one who loved himself.

He owned your charms and virtues rare,
Acknowledged you had sense ;
Yet still his mean and sordid soul
Could not with gold dispense.

THE DYING GIRL.

The grave will be my bridal bed,
The moist earth, with first daisies spread,
My wedding-dress of white shall be ;
But not of satin frippery.
Shrouded in a woollen vest,
There shall this poor body rest.
The woodbird sing my funeral song,
As thro' the grove I'm borne along ;
Wreaths my temples shall enfold,
But not the flowers of orange gold ;
For spring's first snowdrops, pure and young,
About my tresses shall be strung.
No mother's cares are mine to be,
No husband crave my sympathy,
But, borne with milk white streamers, I
Within a virgin's grave shall lie.

THE YOUTH'S FAREWELL TO HOME.

Oh! say not the plains of my country are bare,
That the bleak wind howls moaning around ;
To me they are equal to Paradise fair,
And as music the breezes' low sound !
Oh! add not another keen pain to my breast,
And say H——d is not worth a care,
I feel, tho' I go, my heart still will rest,
And for ever be hovering there ;
Say not that ungrateful the peasant has proved,
Who dwells there contented and free,
Oh! surely 'tis blissful to feel we are loved,
And dearly have many loved me.
Then seek not to tell me unblest is the spot
Where my childhood's sweet hours were past,
Till the breath of life fails they shall ne'er be
forgot,
But thro' years and vicissitudes last.
For dear are the fields, although bleak to your eyes,
And dear is each wide spreading tree ;
And though all the world should the village despise,
Here enshrined in my heart it shall be.

TO THE YOUNG MAIDEN.

Oh ! trust not in a blooming cheek,
Or in a sunny eye,
Tho' they of youth and health may speak,
Those beauties soon will die !
Boast not, although thy cheek displays
Carnation's budding hue ;
Be proud not when it draws the gaze :
Will it not wither too ?
When lovers praise thy voice and tone,
Admire each youthful grace,
Think when those beauties will be gone,
And withered with the face !
Be good, be steadfast, keep thy heart
Pure in thy youth's first bloom,
Choose pious Mary's " better part,"
Which lives beyond the tomb.

WRITTEN ON THE APPEARING OF THE
EVENING STAR ON A DAY OF REJOICING.

Sweet star of evening, o'er the woods so green,
I love to gaze upon thy light serene ;
I love to think my happiest days appear
When thy sweet light pervades this lower sphere.
How calm and quiet is my spirit now,
No care of sadness darkens o'er my brow.
From thee sweet star, to nature's God I turn ;
He, before whom the Seraphim doth burn,
Who to weak man will lend a kindly ear,
Extend his sceptre, save from grief and fear !

“ I call to Thee, adorable ; oh ! do Thou raise
My thoughts to Thee, in these my mortal days,
So that my song, commencing here, may be
But perfected for Heaven's high melody.”

THE VILLAGE VOLUNTEERS.

We are the village volunteers,
And gaily do we march along,
For foreign foes we have no fears,
Our step is firm, our arms are strong.

Steady ! steady !—that's the word,
We do not shirk our evening drill,
The march to ploughing is preferr'd,
And both we'll do with right good will.

Should enemies e'er our isle surround,
And dangers menace those most dear,
What rifleman will then be found
Like the gallant village volunteer ?

The scythe and bayonet alike
We'll learn with equal skill to wield,
To cut, or with the other strike,
The foe who then must die or yield.

Then blow the fife and beat the drum,
And call the village band together,
The harvest sunshine is not come,
But we can march in any weather. 1860.

TWILIGHT.

How blest are we who live beneath the skies
Where evening's pensive sadness glads the eyes,
When chastened twilight tempts us to inhale
The breath of closing flowers in the vale.

Oh ! better far than in that scorching clime,
Where evening never shows her dewy prime,
Where burning day and black night reigns alone,
And twilight never makes one hour her own.

DOMESTIC INS AND OUTS.

COUNTRY SCENE.—A WINTER'S MORNING.

Out.

Stormy, dark, with sleet and rain.

In.

Breakfast, read news, and then complain.

Out (noon).

Sleeting on the pane is heard.

In.

Ample luncheon—not a word.

Out (afternoon).

Blowing hard; “Would I were walking.”

In.

Only to myself I’m talking.

Out (towards evening).

More sleet, more snow than all the day.

In.

“No callers!—dinner!—local say!”

Out (evening).

“Shut the shutters—snow lies deep.”

In.

“Read your book. I’m going to sleep.”

THE PAUPER AND THE DUCHESS.

One morn two beds their burdens bore,
 Of weak, expiring clay;
One was a woman old and poor,
 And soon to pass away.

And through the broken casement came
 The sun which shines on all,
And lit that aged face the same
 As the one in the royal hall.

The dark'ning hues of coming death
 Spread o'er her furrow'd brow,
And shorter came the labouring breath,
 And the pulse grew weak and slow.

Yet was her spirit clear and bright,
 As she pour'd an earnest prayer,
And from her eye beam'd forth a light
 Which told not of despair.

How different from the silken bed,
Where the royal form was laid,
With weeping maidens at its head,
Where art its skill essayed.

That royal pomp, that grand display
Of wealth was passing by.
From the pauper nothing passed away,
But the spirit to on high.

Both had been mothers—one thro' life
Had struggled hard for bread,
And been a fond and thrifty wife
Beneath her humble shed.

The other leading by her hand,
As parent and as guide,
The noblest lady in this land,
A nation's hope and pride.

She taught her from her early youth
The true and living way;
That all but purity and truth,
Must tend to swift decay.

How wise and good her counsels were,
Each loyal heart doth prove;
What sovereign has so large a share
Of a faithful people's love ?

Thus each the servant of the Lord,
To do His will below,
Each meeteth with the just reward
His mercy doth bestow.

The Duchess of Kent, the Queen's mother, died in March, 1861.

RECEIPT FOR A HEAD.

Take a head which wears no bonnet,
A head with lots of hair upon it.
The head, though neither young nor old,
Must then be dyed a splendid gold ;
Then take a brush and scrub it round,
Until no silken spot is found,
Then draw it backwards through a hedge
Till ev'ry hair stands out on edge ;
Then turn the ends to make them curl,
And ornament with flower and pearl.
The head, when it goes out, must wear
A hat in shape to make you stare.
A rabbit, pheasant, or a wren,
Sewn to the brim, must stare again ;
While two bright eyes complete the charm.
They may do good, they may do harm ;
But be they black or blue as Heaven,
Heads have bright eyes in sixty-seven.

TO A ROSE.

In blooming loveliness thy tender leaves,
Expanding wide, greet the glad beam of day;
My eyes admire, but my bosom grieves,
To think thy beauties must too soon decay.

In vain each day thy tender stem I clip,
And fill thy vase with the pellucid wave ;
Time, which hath caused thy bloom, will haste to
 nip
Thy loveliness to wither in the grave.

Like thee, how joyful is the time of youth,
Bright like a rose is ev'ry passing hour ;
And cultivate the seed of pious truth,
For that will bloom to an unfading flower.

ON THE DEATH OF AN AGED PILGRIM.

He died in good old age, his task is done,
He died in faith, and Heaven's goal is won ;
Sorrow and sin no longer stain and taint,
A blissful Heaven opens to a saint.
Oh ! I would ask a boon of the Most High,
Like him to live, like him in peace to die ;
Like him when age hath crowned me with its
 snow,
And time hath carved the wrinkle on my brow,
To shun the gay and busy haunts of life,
Its scenes of folly, pageantry, and strife,
Like him to pace old age's path in peace,
And bid each trouble in seclusion cease
Like him may duty all my steps uphold,
Like him my mind to take a heavenly mould,
Like him, resigned and meek, give up my breath,
While resignation soothes the bed of death ;
So, with a pure and undivided heart,
I fly to Christ and bid the world depart.

THE COUNTRY TOWN PASTRY-COOK'S SHOP.

Now enters a farmer, burly and big.
He has just sold a heifer and bought a young pig ;
He purchases buns for his children and wife,
But "sich things as them" he ne'er touched in
his life ;
With a slice of fat bacon, and a lump of good
cheese,
And a glass of strong ale, he'd be quite at his ease.
He hurries away to lose sight of the shops :
His body is here, but his heart with the crops.
Then comes the school-boy, with "bright morn-
ing face,"
To secure the first bun he has had a good race
With his brother, who follows as fleet as the
wind,
While good tempered mamma comes panting
behind.

24 THE COUNTRY TOWN PASTRY-COOK'S SHOP.

What a splendid array meets their wandering eyes!

How they gloat o'er the jellies, the buns, and jam pies.

When they've eaten enough, it is always the rule To purchase "a lot" for their friends left at school.

Oh! guileless young hearts, oh! innocent days, Unselfish, unlike the cold world and its ways.

Next comes a poor woman, who sits all the day At her stall in the market, for which she must pay;

She thinks of her bairns and their pattering feet, As they rush from her cottage, "dear mammy" to meet,

The little hands spread as the buns are brought out,

And her heart beats with love as she thinks of their shout.

What is that which attracts all the ladies one side?

It is a rich cake, "but who is the bride?"

The shopwoman smiles with mysterious face, And dilates on some lady brought up in the place;

She knows all her dress, from her wreath to her
shoes,
And bustles about as she tells the good news.
Meanwhile the rich object of all that is said ;
With thick snowy surface before them is spread.
What delicate birds, what silvery flowers,
All fit for a Peri in paradise bowers.
What cruel destruction, as with a sharp knife
The bride cuts the cake to proclaim she's a wife.

" Now, Tom, that's enough—pray what have you
had ?"

Exclaims a thin woman, who looks very sad.
" Six tarts, did you say ? three buns and an ice,
Two packets of candy, with ten sugar mice,
Four penn'oth of bull's-eyes, some toffy and
pops ?

When we're going to the Tun to eat mutton
chops !

What is it to pay—a crown, I suppose ?"
Aunt and nephew depart (he eats while he goes).
Now in glides a lady, so dainty, so grand,
You'd think 'twas a duchess, or Queen of the
land ;
Her boots and her gloves undeniably fit,

26 THE COUNTRY TOWN PASTRY-COOK'S SHOP.

But she's swollen with pride and deficient in
wit.

She lays on the counter a list of good things,
And seems to think shopmen for her should have
wings,

To fulfil her behests and leave others waiting.

How gently she lisps, but her hauteur is grating.
Her carriage drives up, and tall powdered John
Descends from his seat, and the steps he lets
down,

While his lady, "so tired," goes lolling away,
Half buried in rich skins, some visits to pay;
There's a row of such bright eyes just outside
the pane,

They come to that window again and again.
Their dresses, poor children, are dirty enough,
And they know not the taste of a bun or a puff;
But to make up for this, they may look if they
choose,

And sometimes lick the glass as they shuffle their
shoes.

There are four of them now; 'twill delight if I
buy

A tartlet for each, or substantial beef-pie.

But all I have seen there's no time to note down,

THE COUNTRY TOWN PASTRY-COOK'S SHOP. 27

'So I'll rise and depart, having spent half-a-crown.
But the pastrycook's shop and each brief staying
guest

Will furnish reflection, as well as a rest ;
Life high and life low, life social or poor,
May be learnt every day at the pastrycook's
door.

THE SOLILOQUY.

BEFORE THE COUNTY BALL.

“ Why do I twine amid mine hair
This wreath with unaccustomed care ?
Why do I plait my locks once more ?
Why haste to ope my casket store ?
Select the fairest gems I find,
Yet still not think them to my mind ?
Study my bouquet to compose
With the sweet bud or blooming rose ?
And why is this ? 'tis not to-night
I go to scenes more fair and bright
Than those I often have enjoyed,
And with a pleasure unalloyed ;
Or is it to compete with those
On whom sweet nature grace bestows,
And admiration's meed to share,
For which so many hurry there ?
Ah ! no, how paltry and how mean
Were such an object in the scene.
What care I all they think of me,
If I be but approved by thee.”

SOLILOQUY.

—
AFTER THE BALL.

I've been 'mid scenes of pleasure,
 I've danced the hours away;
I've heard sweet music's measure,
 Been greeted by the gay;
I've heard the voice of praise,
 I've seen th' admiring eye,
A throb of joy 'twould raise,
 But follow'd by a sigh.
I've felt amid the ball
 My youthful spirits bound,
I've thought no time could pall
 My ear to ev'ry sound ;
But when I've sought my rest,
 When morning beamed so fair,
Methought I'd been more blest
 If I had not been there.
Ah ! pleasures pure and sweet
 Are those we taste at home,
That is the best retreat,
 Nor do I wish to roam.

THE POOR OLD MAID.

She dwelt within a tiny cot,
Upon a dusty road,
Two rooms, a cat, and boiling pot,
Within her blest abode.
She kept one little tidy maid,
With cap so neat and trim,
To dress her, have the fire laid,
And light her taper dim.
She also had a garden small,
Where flowers bloomed and twined,
Two poplars and two elm trees tall,
To keep her from the wind ;
A gate well barred, a fence so high,
Which kept off predators,
Two apple trees, and there hard by
A crop of fat potatoes.
Her cat and she in winter time,

With neighbour kind would sit,
And listen to the church clock chime,
 And purr, and work, and knit.
In summer time sit out to breathe
 The fragrant evening air,
While many a perfum'd woodbine wreath
 Twined round her easy chair.
Bible in hand, she lov'd to trace
 Her past and future lot,
And think her last abiding place
 Would far outshine her cot.
And when her earthly web was spun,
 She closed her eyes in peace,
Glad that her pilgrim race was run,
 And loneliness would cease.

THE REGISTER OFFICE IN THE COUNTY TOWN.

A knock, then passage, narrow stair,
A room quite full, one empty chair.
The office lady, smart and greasy,
Assures me it is won'drous easy
To find a housemaid to my mind,
And hurries off the maid to find.
I wait and wait, the minutes pass
Without the wish'd for country lass,
And to make time's sand run shorter,
I watch yon mother with her daughter,
Who's come to find a situation.
A lady ends a long oration
By saying, " Well, I'll write to-day,
But still remember what I say,
That ne'er a servant I call mine
Shall ever wear a crinoline,

For water jugs get broke thereby,
And china bowls'—this with a sigh—
“ So if into my house you come,
Pray leave that odious hoop at home.”
“ My hoop at home ! why, ‘ marm,’ I never
From this my willow slip will sever !
No, not to ‘ sarve’ the Queen to-night,
Will I be called a dowdy fright,
And look ‘ a nothen’ in the street
When I John James shall chance to meet.
With saucy toss, out walked the pair,
And once more sounds the creaking stair.
Paterfamilias walks in now,
With absent wife on furrow'd brow,
She seldom leaves her bed or home,
So, Jack-of-all-trades, he must roam,
Must purchase ribbon, net and tape,
Socks, mittens, to a baby's cape ;
Buy pots and kettles, meat and fish,
And match some willowed-pattern dish ;
Cheapen a blanket for her bed,
And choose a pillow for her head ;
Buy tea and sugar, plums and coffee,
Spice, candles, infants' food and toffy ;
Gloves, boots, and shoes of ev'ry size,

34 THE REGISTER OFFICE IN THE COUNTY TOWN.

Pins, needles, buttons, hooks, and eyes ;
He canvasses for coloured wool,
Until his gig is brimming full ;
And now a general servant he
Must carry home, if she'll agree.
Good tempered, clean, his wife to please,
Honest, and not the bairns to tease ;
Each day three hours must be out
To push two jolly brats about ;
Must cook the dinners, mend the clothes,
Make all the beds, repair the hose,
And if she has the time to spare,
Must brush and dress her lady's hair.
Her wages nine good pounds a year,
Everything found, except the beer.
A lady with a high peaked bonnet,
Long out of date, old veil upon it,
Now puts her head inside the door,
And thus the hostess doth implore :
“ Oh ! do be quick, now, Mrs. P.
Is the cook here ? I'm come to see ;
I've only half an hour to spare,
My husband's waiting at the ‘ Bear.’
Not come ! Oh ! dear, I cannot wait.”
Exit the lady, railway rate.

A buxom widow, well to do,
With little farm, a cow or two,
Is treating with a servant girl
To "knock down" all her butter well!
Be always up at break of day—
Farm board and lodging, scanty pay!
Must churn and bake, must wash and brew,
And cook for all the ploughboys, too.
Helped by her mistress, but I doubt
If slaves are driven more about.
Still, many a duchess, you'll agree,
Would like to sleep as well as she.
John Thomas, six feet in his shoes,
Stalks in a fitting place to choose
A lady, with unfailing mark
Of breeding high, a splendid park,
Asks the set questions which the race
Of servants hear when out of place.
With simper and with foppish stare,
He says, with bending courtly air,
" Of course, my lady, you allow
Newspapers for the hall below;
Hair powder and three suits a-year;
White wine or port?—I don't drink beer!"
" Indeed! What next?" the lady cries,
" Such insolence doth me surprise;

36 THE REGISTER OFFICE IN THE COUNTY TOWN.

My noble son, now out at sea,
Does not spend more than you'll cost me,
And if I'd thousands more a-year
I'd always give my servants beer ;
Depart ! for me you are too fine,
Go elsewhere for your dinner wine,
And I declare I'll never rest
Till such abuses are suppressed."

My turn came next : I fain would tell
On whom my tender mercies fell ;
Like "Richard's" ghosts, they passed me by,
With blue, or brown, or squinting eye—
The tall, the short, the fat, the thin,
With dress of every hue, peered in.
Having dispatched my business there,
I once more try the creaking stair ;
Some servants line the dusty hall,
Awaiting their inspector's call.
A lady's maid, in cast-off clothes,
Sits pouring out domestics' woes
To a young friend with blooming face,
Seeking to better a good place—
" Mary, of course I did refuse
To mend my lady's satin shoes,
When she could well afford to buy
A dozen more of ' Box and Fry.'

For half-a-crown those shoes would sell
At Mrs. Turnum's, I know well ;
And then the dress without a train
I took, forsooth, she must complain,
And say 'twould alter for home wear !
Such stinginess, it made me stare.
Two housemaids for the rooms were kept.
Really one day I could have wept !
She washed her hands—you well may doubt !
Asked me to throw the water out !
Just as if I would aught do there
Than trim her dresses, brush her hair.
Ah ! 'twas too much—I told her so,
And then she said I'd better go."
" Yes ; really, Sarah, I agree,
They wants too much from you and me ;
Where I lived last they had some meat—
Cold ! and expected me to eat !
And when I hinted I liked hot,
The only answer which I got
Was, ' Pack your clothes and try to find
Elsewhere a dinner to your mind.'
So I shall ask a higher wage
Ere I another place engage ;
Good-bye, then, till we meet again,
I'm off to catch five-fifty train." 1867.

THE YOUTH.

He spurred on his steed,
 His blue, flashing eye
Looked brilliant and happy
 As he galloped by.
A gay passing word,
 A wave of the hand
To a friend, and no matter
 If humble or grand.
His steed lashed its side,
 In the sweep of the breeze,
And curved its proud neck
 With an elegant ease ;
And bore off the youth,
 Whose gay laugh seemed to play
On the light summer air,
 As he galloped away.

MEDITATION.

I love to sit and meditate
When all the world's away,
I love to turn within my heart
My past and future way.

I love to think on that great Power
Whose will my life sustains,
I love to think, though frail and weak,
My prayer He ne'er disdains.

Oh ! yes, I love to sit me down,
When peace and quiet reign,
To view with pensive thoughtfulness
The vast and bounding main.

To cast a long and varied gaze
On nature's varied scene,
And bless the mighty hand of Him
Who clothes the woods with green.

To cast the paltry world behind,
Its pretty scenes of joy,
To muse on brightest promises
Of bliss without alloy.

LONELINESS.

Alone, alone, though not alone,
 Yet still I lonely prove ;
Alone, alone, though not alone,
 Yet where is one I love ?
Alone, alone, though not alone,
 Still no fond heart is mine ;
Alone, alone, though not alone,
 Yet still I lonely pine.
Oh ! for that bosom, all my own,
 Wherein I loved to pour
My griefs, my joys, and then alone
 My heart would be no more.

THE CONSUMPTIVE.

Spring comes, but never more for me
Will trees put forth their bloom,
For I shall lie beneath the tree,
In the cold and silent tomb.
When fruits hang luscious from the bough,
And tempt the gazer's hand,
Hunger or thirst I shall not know
In that far brighter land.
Look at my cheek : this fatal bloom
Tells me that I must die ;
Weep not, for blessed is my doom,
Joy's in my latest sigh.
And dost thou say the diamond's light
Within my eye doth dwell ?
Were not the meteor stars* as bright,
Aye, e'en before they fell.
Look up ! behold pale eve is come,
And like day's parting breath,
My spirit fain would be at home,
And passed the gate of death.

* Meteor stars seen in 1866. Mem. Only visible once in 30 years.

THE CRUEL STEP-MOTHER.

In yon dark vault my mother dear is laid,
Beneath the cypress and the yew tree shade ;
Ah ! what avails our tears and bitter cries—
Say, can they make that much loved form arise ?
Those looks of love I can no more behold,
Those lips so often kissed are turned to mould ;
That voice is silent, in reproof so mild,
And hushed the accents that would bless her
child.

But heavenward I raise my eyes, for there
Hope points. When life is o'er, farewell to care ;
Would mine were o'er ! Blest saint, she little
knew

How soon earth's griefs our young days would
embue ;

Ah ! little wist she her three babes would be
Bred in the school of harsh austerity.

A step-mother with iron rod doth sway,
And chases all our former joys away.
A step-mother ! abhorred be the name,
Fatal the hour in which she that became ;
And oh ! my father, little didst thou know
To our peace 'twould give a final blow.
Sad contrast ! Oh ! my mother, when shall we
Bury our griefs in the calm grave with thee ?
When shall we on those ashes loved recline
When rest our cheeks close to what once was
thine ?
In God's own time, and blest indeed the hour,
When death from years of care shall snatch the
flower.

TIME.

How slow is time when sorrow flings
Its blight around the heart ;
When pleasure comes, time waves his wings
And bids each joy depart.

FATIGUE.

Gladly my weary limbs repose,
My senses fade, my eyelids close,
Prayer o'er my soul sweet peace hath shed—
Prayer which makes soft the hardest bed.
“ When on my couch of death I lie,
Lord, as I sleep so may I die ;
Calmly, softly, may my breath
Glide faintly, sweetly into death ;
And heavenward my spirit soaring,
Sleeping, dying, still adoring.”

EXCUSES.

SCENE. *A breakfast room in the country. Mrs. Lookout seated at table. Enter Fanny Lookout with a letter.*

FANNY—"Mamma, I'm feeling somewhat better,
And I to-day have got this letter
From Mrs. Dulltrees on the wold,
Who mentions for my cough and cold
A change of air would be the thing,
And that I'd best at once take wing,
And leave this bad catarrh behind
On Dulltrees Common with the wind.
Yet, still it strikes me 'tis not quite
For this she sends the warm invite ;
I think she's dull and wants to chatter,
And that's the bottom of the matter;
But how can I afford to spend
A week or month with any friend
Who can't amuse me when I'm there,

As well as giving change of air !
For if I only read the news
To the old lady, and amuse,
Or knit a sock, and take a walk,
Or rack my brains at meals for talk,
I think I'd better be at home,
Where friends and neighbours often come.
Besides, I heard at 'Gossip Hall,'
Where I quite lately made a call,
From pretty young Miss Eiderdown
(Who brought the latest news from town),
That the Twelfth Lancers soon are coming
For three months down to "Bishops Humming,"
And that they'll open with a ball,
The first week at the Shire Hall ;
So that the county may review
These gallant heroes, brave and true.
Well, now, if I should be away
When we have really something gay,
'Twill be provoking, with the chance
Of losing more, perhaps, than a dance ;
So now I'd better answer quick,
And say that now I am not sick !
Most pressing business at my home
Prevents me, and I cannot come."

SCENE 2. *A drawing-room. Mrs. Dulltrees, an invalid widow lady, seated, with an open letter in her hand.*

MRS. DULLTREES—“The third excuse! ah! well,
I see,
Fanny won’t come and stay with me.
Not long since she had fixed the hour,
And then she wrote to say a shower
Of rain had hindered her from coming
The five mile drive to ‘Bishop’s Humming,’
For that her damp clothes in the train
Might bring on a neuralgic pain;
But that when sunshine’s cheering ray
Had made my garden somewhat gay,
She would be more than charmed to come,
For here she’s welcome as at home.
I really thought the girl sincere!
But now her character is clear—
Self, with some scheme, is in her head,
By which her vanity is fed;
Yes, by the purport of her letter,
She aims at what she thinks far better.
How little does she see my heart,
Or what to her I would impart
'Ere death these wearied eye-lids close,

And by the loved I seek repose.
I little guessed a face so kind
Masked but the selfish worldly mind.
I've longed for her to read and talk,
Share in a drive or village walk,
Assistance with my suffering poor,
To bring the needy to my door;
She knows not I have scraped together
A few pounds for life's rainy weather,
And that I meant my friend should share
Part with my nephew and my heir;
Besides, I know he wants a wife,
And Fan should settle now in life,
And oft the thought was in my mind,
That he to her was well inclined!
But now her legacy is *nil*,
For I intend to tear my will,
And he shall seek a worthier hand
To clasp in wedlock's holy band.

SYMPATHY.

BREAKFAST AND THE "TIMES," FEBRUARY, 1868.

Observation.

Dull morning ; headache ; pale ; oh ! dear.

Answer.

Nonsense ! fancy—breakfast's here.

Observation.

Servants plague ! now cook is going !

Answer.

Hand me the bread—how it is snowing !

Observation.

How is your tea ?—what your opinion ?

Answer (from behind the "Times").

That Theodore won't have dominion !

Observation.

Now tell me what you'll like to-day ?

Answer.

I'm reading—send the things away !

Observation.

I think the doctor I'll consult.

Answer.

Those shares will have a bad result.

Observation.

The pain is over the left eye!

Answer.

I think Lord D—— is going to die !

Observation.

I think a drive would do me good.

Answer.

Those basket cars are made of wood !

Observation.

I'm going out to give the orders.

Answer.

In Dublin there are sad disorders !

Observation.

To-day would you prefer a cod ?

Answer.

The " Missing Clergyman"—'tis odd !

Observation.

We dine to-day at half-past four.

Answer.

Oh ! leave me still, and shut the door.

TO A BELOVED DECEASED FATHER.

Oh ! dearest, best of parents, and of men,
A daughter's heart would fain a tribute pay
To thy known worth ; but can her feeble pen
All her affection, all her love convey ?
Snatched from our hearth, snatched from each
 sacred tie,
Ta'en from a home which all thy virtues proved,
We scarcely dared to think that thou would'st
 die,
Thou was't so dearly ! yes ; so fondly loved !
Still clinging at the last to hope with prayer,
Still holding up thy feeble spark of life,
We watched thy ev'ry look with constant care ;
Thy children and thy fond, devoted wife.
But, ah ! too late ! gone forth was the decree ;
We could not keep thee longer at our side.
We joined with thee in prayer, on bended knee,
We drank the cup—thou leantest back and died !

What pity then the coldest heart did move !
What tears bedewed thy mute unbreathing clay !
But to the realms of everlasting love
Thou point'dst when in life, then led the way !
'Tis there in thought we follow thee to bliss !
Cleans'd by a Saviour who for all hath bled,
Who would not rather leave a world like this,
Thus to be numbered with the blessed dead ?
Though foreign earth thy cherished limbs enclose,
Tho' o'er thy tomb blows soft Italia's gale,
Still will thine image in our hearts repose,
And thy remembrance never, never fail ;
And as we pause upon our native strand,
And watch the waves which lave its pebbly shore,
We'll feel that they are flowing to a land
Where thou dost sleep, but not for evermore.

TO A BELOVED DECEASED DAUGHTER.

My child, my cherished child, my blossom fair,
Could I believe the canker worm was there,
When all was fair and beauteous to the sight,
As in thy sleep I blessed thee ev'ry night?
There lay thy tiny hand of perfect mould,
Thy curling locks, brown, with a tinge of gold ;
There lay the long dark fringes of those eyes,
Whose liquid blue to mem'ry never dies ;
While thy sweet cheek, warm with the glow of
youth,
Express'd angelic purity and truth.

“ Where is my child, which God in mercy gave ?
Where is my child I'd give my all to have ?
Where is my child ? ” I murmur every morn,
As fresh from sleep I wake the more forlorn.
“ Where is my child ? ” I cry, then kneel and
pray ;

"Thy child is mine," a voice then seems to say.
"She's gone where thou wilt come, but wait awhile.

She now beholds her Heavenly Father's smile,
Now she hath brighter gems and sweeter flowers
Than what you gave her in your earthly bowers.
She's gone where angels cast before the throne
Their golden crowns, and cry, "Our God is One."
She's gone to see His face for evermore,
Who on the tree the sins of mankind bore.
She's gone, she's past the bright and golden gate,
Where seraph guards for spotless spirits wait !
She's gone where thou, cleansed in the Lamb's
own blood,
Shall come out white, as from a crystal flood,
And there untainted, free from grief and pain,
Thou shalt behold thy Ellen once again. 1850.

TO MY SISTER.

“SHE IS NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPETH.”

Friend of my childhood, only sister dear,
I look around—alas ! thou art not here.
Ah ! whither hath that joyous spirit flown
Which to long years I hoped to keep my own ?
Where is thy active step, the hand and eye,
Skilled with the needle, or with pen to ply ?
Where sounds the voice, in song so sweet and
clear ?
E'en at the opening of the present year ?
Gone ! with thyself in that most fatal day,
When death passed by and snatched the loved
away.
And now the vacant chair and dreary room
Speaks of the grave, speaks of the silent tomb.

But one week on the bed of sickness laid,
Where human skill in vain was stretched to aid ;
But one week, all unconscious, till the hour
When death's cold dews around thy brow did
shower ;
Then a bright beam shot through thy clouded
brain,
A gleam from Heaven, and all unmixed with
pain.
Thy Saviour and thy God seemed all in all.
Upon His name thou twice wast heard to call.
An angel on that ray of light came down,
We trust, to bless thee with a fadeless crown.

1861.

TO MY MOTHER.

Oh ! mother mine, when, in my childhood's hour,
I knelt all weeping at thy shelt'ring knee,
When childish griefs, in light and passing shower,
Darkened the sky of cloudless infancy.

So in my spirit, now long years are past,
In nightly dreams do I behold again
That sweet, maternal smile upon me cast,
Which tells me not to weep, and not complain.

But, oh ! what waking pangs my thoughts assail
When gone the vision of my midnight rest !
A mother's recent loss I still bewail,
And fled the hand in dreams so fondly prest.

“ Oh ! Thou Kind Parent who cans't never die !
To whom we turn in trial's iron hour,
Send down Thy comfort from Thy throne on high,
Where storms ne'er come, where death hath lost
its power.

Increase our trust, increase our hope in Thee ;
As nearer to life's goal our footsteps bend,
The cross of faith in each bereavement see,
Held by the Saviour, never dying friend.” 1864.

THE SOLDIERS' DEATH.*

He died, not in the battle field,
Where conquering thunders roar ;
Nor to a foeman's hand would yield
The sword he proudly wore.

He died not by the plague's vile breath,
While in Egyptian land ;
Or find a slow and fevered death
Upon her parching sand.

He died not by the secret knife
Of some false Arab slave ;
Or lose a prized and useful life
Where France her banners wave.

He died not mid the wounded heap
Within the surgeon's tent ;
Where suffering finds no wife to weep,
Or children to lament.

* Illustrating the life and death of a beloved father.

The envious ball, too, spared his life,
Which through his helmet sped ;
Nor did vast ocean's watery strife
Close o'er that cherished head.

Or in fair England's peaceful bowers,
When happier years were past ;
But 'twas amid Italian flowers
The soldier breathed his last.

Religion's glorious light had cheered
The Christian's bed of death ;
Affection's gentle care appeared
To soothe his parting breath.

Vainglorious is the death we prize
Amid the blaze of fight ;
But, oh ! a Christian soldier dies
Best by religion's light.

“AND SHE LAY A-DYING.”

“ And she lay a-dying,”
The worthy and the good,
And we stood around her sighing,
As she near’d to Jordan’s flood.

But why should we be weeping,
As we view’d the fading clay ;
Why feel horror at her sleeping
Her blameless life away ?

They told us she was painless,
Like a bird who takes its rest,
'Ere to a sky all rainless,
It darts out from its nest.

Her soul was still preparing
To quit the tainted sod,
Its earthly garment tearing,
Ere clothed to meet its God.

A tree which long delighted
The traveller with its shade,
At length fell down all blighted,
For God's own store-house laid.

Her breath grew more expiring,
And we could but weep and pray,
For the spirit slow retiring,
To live 'mid endless day.

We could not long prevent her,
The door was opened wide,
God had His angel sent her,
And the aged Christian died.

Written to illustrate the death of a beloved Aunt, in May, 1867.

THE KINDRED SPIRIT.

Joyous the midnight dance appears,
Where pleasure holds her reign ;
And rapturous is the melody,
Wafting its tuneful strain ;
And sweet the breath of waving shrubs,
Which deck the gay saloon ;
And bright the lamps which shed around,
The 'witching glow of noon !
But, oh ! the dancer's joyous step,
The singer's mellow tone,
Are dull and heavy, if I then
No higher pleasure own.
In vain May buds put forth their bloom,
If I cannot impart,
While I inhale their sweet perfume,
The feelings of my heart !

If there is not within the scene
Some kindred soul to greet,
A heart to beat reply to mine,
And mix in converse sweet—
A heart in which I can confide,
A heart long tried and known,
And feel, if shunned by all the world,
This heart will be my own.

THE VILLAGE CONCERT.

“A concert?” “Yes, the village choir
Called all the parish to admire !
Well organized, they did succeed,
For they sang very well indeed !
The bassos, tenors, and sopranos
All mind their fortés and their pianos !
Had you been here the concert night,
You would have been astonished quite !”

“There’s ‘Glass,’ the glazier, at his work,
Sings the ‘Twelfth Mass’ till almost dark ;
Then, as the clock strikes out full eight,
He enters at the school-room gate,
And takes his place, and opes his book,
A village ‘Sims Reeves’ he would look !
Then ‘Adze,’ the carpenter, his voice,
Quite makes the rural heart rejoice,
For old lame John, with Sunday cough,

Declares ‘ he hear’d it one mile off !’
Oh ! how much better to be here
Singing a catch, than soaking beer,
Spending their pence, each addled head,
Smoking away the children’s bread !
There’s ‘ Nell,’ and ‘ Polly,’ don’t they sing,
Like blackbirds in a sunny Spring.
We can’t at present quite make out
Their words ! but *that* will come about.
There’s ‘ Tommy Sole,’ who don’t refuse,
To mend and make both boots and shoes.
And while he hammers in hob nails,
He tries his voice, and sings the scales.
His leather’s good, his charge is just,
His profit small—therefore can’t trust.”
“ Our blacksmith has a voice ‘ right mellow,’
And like his namesake in ‘ Longfellow,’
He loves to hear his daughter sing,
And thinks a concert a fine thing.
The Barber, too, one time appeared,
And sang the *length* of Aaron’s beard !
And took a note so very low,
We knew not where his voice would go !
At last he stopped, and was applauded—
I think an *encore* was accorded.

The Baker is a *well-bred* man,
And does a tenor when he can.
His runs are always soft and sweet,
His twists and twirls are won'drous neat.
The Gardener, at break of day,
Lists to the nightingale's sweet lay;
What better teachers can there be,
Than Nature's softest minstrelsy ?
He comes to join in ev'ry chorus,
A voice like his can never bore us.
Yes, from all trades, our men we pick—
Another sings just like a *brick*!
At least *his friends* declare it oft,
Though bricks are *hard* his voice is *soft*:
The saying come from his vocation—
Bricklaying is his occupation.
At last came the propitious night,
Which moon and stars all vied to light.
The room was filled to overflow,
For *that* the ticket takers know.
There was no pushing or ill blood—
They bought the words, and sat or stood.
The opening piece ! when all were ready,
Our leader told us to be steady.
Then came the words and notes sublime,

How well he kept us all in time !
The instrumental part, well played,
Threw not the solos into shade ;
And e'en an ' artiste ' of renown,
Came to assist, not cough us down.
But when the second part toned out,
The audience began to shout,
And clap'd and stamped at each encore,
That feet and hands next day were sore.
Then came that glorious hymn and prayer,
That God would take unto His care
Our glorious Queen ; then all departed,
Hearers and singers all light hearted."

MORAL.

Now tell me if a better thing
There can exist than power to sing ?
'Tis God has given it for use
And recreation, not abuse ;
To calm our minds, and smooth the road
Of pilgrims to His blest abode.

ON VIEWING THE OCEAN.

“ Oh ! man, creature of reason, can’st thou view
With levity that clear expanse of blue ?
Can’st thou gaze unreflecting on the tide
Which wafts the gale of health, and still with
pride
Self-centred, seek but rosy pleasure’s train
And leave reflection for the bed of pain ?
Can’st thou look on those clouds, poised in the
air,
And turn away, nor think them passing fair,
As gilded by the glowing sun they tell,
A wondrous tale, e’en to the infidel ?
Can’st thou then, man, taught by th’ eternal
word,
Forget the God of Nature is unheard ?
Calling thyself a Christian, yet can see
Unmoved each vast, each boundless mystery !
Look on the giant tree, the fairy flower,
And bow repentant to an Almighty Power !”

THE FADED FLOWERS.

I gather up these leaves of sadness,
I gather up these faded flowers,
They are not meet for eyes of gladness,
For oh ! they're types of thoughtless hours.

When first, all blooming, in my hand
I pressed these stems, so fresh and firm,
And bound them with a silken band,
I could no spot or change discern.

The myrtle green of true love told,
Friendship lived in "forget-me-not;"
And from the snowy lily's fold,
Virtue peeped forth without a spot.

Each choice exotic told a tale
Of purity, of love, and truth;
And to my breast these flowers frail,
I press'd with all the joy of youth.

But, ah ! neglectful, thoughtless I,
Sought not for them the living wave ;
I left them on my breast to die,
And there they found a speedy grave.

Oh ! let the young be early taught,
And nourished by the “wave divine ;”
Each pliant stem will then be brought
Around our hearths and homes to shine.

CHARADE.

My first is a measure for beer,
My second is part of a foot,
My whole is by peasant and peer
Acknowledged an excellent root.

THE CHIGNON,

OR FINDING THE HARE (HAIR). A NORFOLK
SKETCH.

A coursing lady out one day,
Dropped her chignon on the way ;
Her groom and husband saw it not,
And quickly galloped from the spot.
Their steeds, with eager eyes and feet,
All hurried on to join the meet.
At length "the timid hare" was found,
And soon uprose the country round.
Some were on horse-back, some on foot,
Dotting each field and village route.
At length the dogs all stopped to stare,
They'd lost the scent, and missed the hare.
The whipper-in, he lashed them sore,
The dogs ran round, and yelped the more.
"Oh!" said the lady, out of breath,
"I sha'n't be in to see the death."

'Tis most provoking that this hare
For its own life should seem to care ;
I'd give yon countryman a pound
If he would help to beat the ground,
And find for us the cunning game,
Or men and dogs will bear the blame.

"Why, marm," said Hodge, and touched his
brow,

"I found your hair an hour ago.
I took our wheeler to get shod,
And on the ground I see this clod."

'Why, Hodge,' thinks I, 'you've found a prize.'
I dusn't fust believe my eyes ;
'Tis what's them ladies wears behind,
Must on 'em carrotty inclined.

She as wore this must have some wealth,
And stand five bob to drink her health.
With, this, marm, sure as I had got it,
I thrusts that in my trouser pocket ;
I thought 'twas yourn, ye looked so flat,
Jist where they pokes out from the hat."

"Give me my hair," the lady cried,
"That it is mine can't be denied.
A crown I'll give you, but beware
Of making game of ladies' hair."

Then, turning to her spouse, she said,
Pointing to her diminished head,
“ Now all my lady friends I'll tell
To fasten on their chignons well,
And if a-coursing they will come,
To leave their golden clods at home ;
For sandy locks men have no taste,
Or for an unproportioned waist,
’Tis nature wise men most admire—
I'll throw my chignon in the fire.”

AN ALPHABETICAL FOURTH OF
JUNE AT ETON, 1868.

A were the aristocrats rushing from town;
B were the boys who row'd up and down ;
C was the College, a glorious pile ;
D were the dons who blandly did smile ;
E the excitement for tickets and places ;
F foolish women, who thought themselves Graces ;
G was the grumbling from those left outside ;
H the head-master of Eton the pride ;
I the intinerant vendor of pies ;
J were the jokes, and few of them wise ;
K was the knees, fly horses had broken ;
L was the luncheon at Surley bespoken ;
M were the masters, in learning profound ;
N the 'soft nothings', they can lisp around ;
O was the word when rockets flew up ;
P the papas who went home to sup ;

Q were the queries at ev'ry black cloud ;
R were the rowers both skilful and proud ;
S were the speeches, and all of them good ;
T were the trees on Brocas which stood ;
U were umbrellas, which every one bore ;
V were the vagrants, I counted a score ;
W the weary, who'd walked all the day ;
X stands for exit by Windsor railway ;
Y is for youths who have emptied their purses ;
Z is for Zero, the end of my verses.

THE POACHING DOG.

Poor Toby! art thou gone at last?
Thy fate I long foretold,
That thou wouldest die by gunshot wound,
Instead of growing old.

The keepers often threatened thee
With loving much to roam,
You hunted rabbits in the field
Instead of trotting home.

And even by your pony friend
You never would remain,
When racing by my little car,
A-down some shady lane.

For if a wood or turnip field
Gave promise of some game,
You flew, unheeding all advice ;
And who is now to blame?

Poor Toby, I must end my scold !
For thou wert ever found,
With all thy faults, a faithful dog
As ever trod the ground.

For seven long years thy watchful care
Hath kept the thieves away ;
For thou wast ever at the door,
By night as well as day.

Watching for bones, and dainty scraps,
Or many a fond caress,
From master, or from little boy,
Or me, I must confess.

Farewell, poor Toby ! three long days
We tended thee with care,
But death had marked thee for his own.
“ Now poaching dogs beware !”

COUNTRY VISITS; OR, FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

SCENE. *A drawing-room. Mrs. Cosy seated at work; enter Mrs. Pickfault and daughters.*

MRS. PICKFAULT—"How do you do, my dearest
Mrs. Cosy?

I need not ask, you look so stout and rosy.
I have not seen you, oh ! it is so long,
Or tasted your most excellent Souchong ;
The truth is, rain has made the roads so heavy,
And I must bring these daughters, quite a bevy;
The horses, too, are often out of health,
They overfeed, no doubt, like folks with wealth;
Sometimes they must be singed and sometimes
clipped,
But oftener it's Pickfault who is hipped !
For when I mentioned but the other day
That I a dozen visits ought to pay,
He gave me such a scold it made me ill,
And I in debt to make this visit still!"

MRS. COSY—"Oh ! never mind, my dearest
Mrs. P. ;

Come, do sit down and have a cup of tea,
'Tis some time since we two enjoyed a cose.
Do take this chair, 'tis famous for a doze,
My husband after dinner likes the seat,
And fender stool, to warm his ' poor old feet.'
Well, what's the news ? we are so cooped up here,
Besides, this is the flattest time of year ;
For tho' I spell the 'Times' from end to end,
'Tis not the same as talking to a friend."

MRS. P.—"Well, have you heard that Mrs.
Polar Bear,

At last has brought P. B. a son and heir ?
They say he is delighted, but I know
The child can't live—I heard it from Miss Lowe ;
Then don't you know that Julia Pellachoddy,
Is just engaged to Peter Brandy-toddy.
I'm sure she's thirty-nine if she's a day,
And her own maid told mine that she was grey.
But then no one perceives it at a ball—
Cosmetics and gold powder hide it all !
And he is a sad scamp, too, for I hear
He smokes away two hundred pounds a year !
And now the Hills are gone across the water.

What is their plea? the health of the third daughter.

But I know better—they have lived too fast;

Such dinners as they gave! could never last.

The servants, too, were all dismissed the house,

They'd not enough at last to feed a mouse!

There's Mrs. Houndle, died at eighty-three,

Nephews and cousins came in tears to see,

But all her savings, I the truth must tell,

Went to an infant school and hospital!

Oh! had you seen the grief and consternation
Of ev'ry dear and anxious near relation!

I'm sure you'd ne'er forget it to this day.

They all looked sheepish when they turned away.

How quickly was each moistened eyelid dry,

When they took refuge in the nearest fly.

I'm told young Parrots ran away from school.

I knew that boy would turn out scamp and fool,

But then home training always proves the best;

You know, my dear, I never speak in jest,

Our Tom, all know, is quite a pattern boy—

Books are his idols, study is his toy!"

[Enter a servant with tea.]

Mrs. PICKFAULT (helping herself)—"This fashion meets my hearty approbation,

On a cold day it gives a warm sensation !
Our ancestors were people of great taste,
And we adopt this social mode at last !
Pray may I ring ?"

Mrs. Cosy—" Yes, surely ; will you go ?
It's cloudy, and I think began to snow."
Mrs. P.—" Oh ! dear, I never heed about the
weather,

Or I should have to mope at home for ever,
Or hang myself in the dull country box.
Oh ! by the way, has your child had small pox ?
I hear it's spreading, and it's close to you !
What ! really, have I told you something new ?
We met the doctor as we passed the mill,
Who told us three whole families were ill !
Your nurse must take the child another way,
Don't be alarmed, but still mind all I say ;
We almost turned about, but then you see,
Your house was near, and just the time for tea.
Good-bye, don't call till you are quite secure,
And vaccinate to make the matter sure."
Now in her basket does my lady slip,
And rural John touches hat, then whip,
Leaving her entertainer, as 'tis seen,
Not over happy, 'twixt small pox and spleen.

PACKING DAY; OR, LODGINGS BY THE SEA-SIDE.

From highest attic to the shades below,
Mixed notes of preparation, say we go !
For trunks are cording, glasses ringing round,
And croaking voices through the dwelling
sound !

'Tis Mrs. Fleecer, and her hopeful daughter,
Who scan each jug, and pour out all the water,
Find out a flaw, just as we all are packed !
And write down broken what we never cracked.
Search o'er the window for a favourite pane,
Which has been paid for, o'er and o'er again ;
Now in the drawing-room do they prowl about,
Turn ev'ry key, and pull each drawer out,
Ring poker, tongs, and shovel on the grate,
And rail at carpets in a dirty state.

Need you go with them to the lower sphere?
Ah! no, the larum to the housetop hear!
Hark! how they ring the china, and the glass,
While spits and saucepans in reviewal pass,
And the poor cat, affrighted, skulks about!
And servants cry, "Lor! missus, here's a rout!"
"A rout deserved, you knave, you careless John,
And you, Jane Duster, fie! for shame upon!
A dirty house, with breakage everywhere;
Sure, 'tis enough to make a bishop swear!
'Tis lucky for you that my temper's sweet,
And that all know I scorn to be a cheat!
And when my rent is paid" (she says aside),
"How I will hug the gold, and with such pride,
Gloat o'er my cracks, which do me service good,
And glue once more my chairs of rotten wood,
While all my lodgers, poor soft fools! will pay
For all my rubbish ere they go away!"

THE ROSE SHOW, OR THE FATE OF SELFISHNESS.

The sun arose and birds commenced their lay,
And nature bowed before the God of day,
Who shook his glittering locks till every flower
Looked up and smiled from out each leafy bower;
Joy, mirth, and fragrance to the heavens rose,
And all looked happy save a white blush rose,
Who drooped her head, yet moist with morning
dew,
And her soft leaves together frowning drew,
While on the air she poured this plaintive strain,
Which faintly echoed 'mid the garden train :
“ Why am I forced to show this face so fair,
To be all faded in the dusty air ?
Why on proud man, of whom I nothing know,
Must I my beauty and my scent bestow ?
No, rather on myself these charms shall shine,
While fragrant leaves my secret bower entwine.”

The day advanced and crowds approached the
show

Of graceful beauties, and above, below,
In turns each flower was praised, and all admired,
But none observed the rosebud, too retired !

At length one came who 'spied the drooping
flower,

And deeming it too mean to grace his bower,
He rudely seized it, broke the fragile stem,
And cast it 'neath the feet of heedless men ;
There broken, scorned, and tramp'l'd on—too
late

The hapless bud bemoaned her early fate;
And there at length she yielded up her breath,
A selfish life closed by a shameful death !

TO THE SPENDTHRIFT.

Go, go, where fancy leads thee!
Revel till dawn of day,
At the sparkl'ng board in festive hall,
Let thy hours glide away.
Rove on from flower to flower,
In fashion's giddy round,
In beauty's summer bower
Let thy heedless steps be found !
But should a wakeful hour
Disturb thy wonted rest ;
Should conscience bring up errors past,
To agitate thy breast ;
Should'st think on youthful guileless days
'Ere thy mad career began,
And all the pangs of doubt and fears,
Experienced as a man ;
Then should remorse steal on thy heart,
And a sigh be breathed to Heaven,
I'd mingle many a prayer with thine,
That thou might'st be forgiven !

THE MORNING WATCH.

How still the joyous city !
Hark ! not a footstep falls !
The good, the bad, the witty,
In one deep slumber falls.

The Christian dreams of Heaven,
The sinner dreams of crime ;
To one God's grace is given,
The other bides his time !

Folly and sin lie still,
The maddening cup is drained,
The thief forgets the " mill,"
The felon that he's chained.

The weary hired beast
Lies tranquil in his stall ;
The remnants of a feast
Bestrew a festive hall.

The artisan so pale,
In a small crowded room,
Sleeps till his health shall fail,
And sends him to his tomb.

There also doth young life
Inhale the tainted air ;
The bad or wearied wife,
Breathes curse, or looks despair.

The Queen hath left her throne,
For a 'broidered bed so wide ;
Her handmaids may lie down,
Brief truce to rank and pride.

The six-foot menial now,
And the lodging keeper's slave,
Forget their pilfers low,
And quiet slumbers crave.

The labouring man all weary,
Loudly proclaims deep sleep.
The night is cold and dreary,
But I must wake and weep.

The silver rain is falling,
It wets the city stones,
“A still small voice” is calling,
“Oh ! Christian cease thy moans.

“The soul thou see’st departing,
And nearing Jordan’s flood,
Is to thy soul imparting
A warning from thy God.

“ Prepare thyself to meet her
In realms of fairer mould ;
How joyful then to greet her,
Safe in the Saviour’s fold.”

LONDON.

There is a little spot of earth
Close to this city's hum,
Which hath for me no sound of mirth
When to its shades I come.

To this sweet grave my thought returns,
When you praise the city gay,
A mother's love within me burns,
For a young child passed away.

Oh ! how can I delight again
In pleasure's mazy round ?
To flaunt in fashion's gaudy train,
Or love its joyful sound ?

Ah ! no ; the joy more meet for me
Is commune with my God ;
Resigned, though sad, I'll bend my knee,
And seek the path He trod.

Though friends belov'd I joy to greet,
Yet in my inmost breast
I'd rather leave the busy street
“Where thou, my child, doth rest.

“Oh ! yes, each year I'll seek the spot,
And cull from thence a rose ;
And if to die here be my lot
May I by thee repose.”

ON THE NEW YEAR.

When youth's gay wreath entwin'd my brow,
I danced the new year in ;
No sorrow or regret I knew,
And scarce the name of sin.

But now that silver threads replace
Those garlands fresh and fair,
And pale and furrow'd is the face,
Through losses or through care.

What is there in the glad new year
To charm in middle age ?
No ; rather drop a bitter tear
O'er life's half written page.

But stop, my soul ! if on that page
You can unblushing look ;
If all you've done from youth to age
Doth not deface the book ;

If the mistakes recorded there
His blood can wash away,
Whose life's page was as pure and fair
As earths bright natal day;

Oh ! then in confidence and joy
Embrace the glad new year,
For good each future hour employ,
As Heaven becomes more near.

THE FIRST SINGING LESSON.

[*Scene. A drawing-room. Two ladies seated.
Enter Signor Monkitini.*]

“Boun Giorno, Signorino ! Can you show
The high soprano, or contralto low ?
A voice the finest organ ever known,
Is nought, if with rank weeds it be o’ergrown.
Such as bad mouth, bad style; hem ! never mind ;
I’ll hear you first, should you be so inclined.
What will you sing ?” “We met ?” “Then be
it so ;
I see, Miss, you have not acquired Do !
Ha ! pretty well ; and I should like to hear
Those notes *nel petto*, very deep and clear.
Now piano, swell, then soften, soften, sof—ten !
As if he’d ‘shunned you’ very, very often.

Now shake—with cold, as if straight to the heart
An ice-bolt struck, which made it shrink and
start.

Hem ! that will do, but now e'er we proceed
To songs and sentiment, which much impede
The pupils, if deficient in their Do,
The Re not clear, the run performed so—so !
Now take your note, then open mouth and eyes ;
Arrived at Si, you must on tip-toe rise.
Go on to swell in notes distinct and clear ;
So, La, Si, Do, with smile from ear to ear.
Now for the run—quick, but do not flurry ;
You'll never sing if you're in such a hurry.
Hush ! piano, piano, draw them to a hair ;
Melody should float—should die in thinnest air.
Now learn this song, 'tis one unknown to Grisi,
Although her style to me was won'drous easy.
Titiens sings well, but then, without all doubt,
Those 'artistes' are made too much fuss about.
My style, the purest of Italia's school,
Is of the best ; I teach each note by rule.
Farewell, my pupil ; Thursday next, at two,
I will be here, and trust your Do will do."

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

SUGGESTED BY THE MELANCHOLY DEATH OF A
YOUNG OFFICER, BY DROWNING,
IN THE SERPENTINE RIVER, HYDE PARK.

Where yon blue wave rolls curling to the shore,
Where fashion smiles and beauty holds her rein,
Where royal gardens tempt you to explore,
And martial music wafts its cheering strain;

There, in those clear blue depths hath one expired,
Hath closed his eyes for ever on the scene;
Now what avails, how lov'd, or how admired?
Forgotten soon, as if he ne'er had been.

But pity weeps; hark! didst thou hear the dirge,
As booming up the path it slowly comes?
While from the swarming multitudes emerge
The silent ranks, the fifes, the muffled drums.

Each firelock reversed, the crape clad arm
Of many a comrade or companion gay,
Whose friendly converse can no longer charm
The ear of him who now hath passed away !

The unconscious steed bears silently along
The garb his master never more shall wear !
While not a few amid the gazing throng,
Have eyes that glistened at the helmed bier.

Few hearts so callous who can coldly mark,
The sanguine hopes of youth, thus early
blighted—

To see for this world quenched the vital spark,
In which a parent or a friend delighted.

The thrice repeated volley now discloses
To each sad comrade that his friend is laid
In the cold grave, which now for ever closes
O'er the young head. Peace to the soldier's
shade !

THE HOMESICK TURK,

OR THE WORDS OF MAHOMET EFFENDI, WHEN HE
CAME OVER WITH THE SULTAN, JULY, 1867.

Ah ! me, in gloomy Frangistan I pine,
Where the sun gives a cold and sickly shine,
Where no rose gardens rise upon my sight,
And nightingales discourse the livelong night.
No mezzins from the minaret I hear,
To call the faithful to their early prayer ;
But here, alas ! the Jew-men call “ old clo’ ! ”
And milkmaids scream in shrilly tones “ mi-o ! ”
Their streets are fine, some houses, too, are
grand,
With windows which look out on either hand,
That Frank ladies may gaze into the street.
Sure so much beauty best were in retreat !
While our belles, thanks to the prophet’s care !
Are veiled from gazers all, e’en sun and air !

And never wear those bonnets which disclose
Too much of forehead and too much of nose !
The man Franks, too—I hate the round black hat,
And mostly chins are shaven smooth and flat.
What richer taste, beneath a purple knot,
To wear a cap just like a chimney pot ?
And then their dinners—can I lay my paw
On beef and pudding, when there's no pillau ?
Although I don't object to sip their wine,
Which is one thing, I must confess, divine !
And though our law in drinking it I break,
There's one excuse, sherbet the Franks can't
make.

Heigh ho ! I'm out of breath with my oration ;
So I will seize my only consolation—
My dear chibouque—and as I dreamy lie
On cushions soft, and close my languid eye,
I see no fog ! I'm wafted to the shore,
Where, by the prophet, I'll return once more !
And when the domes of Pera greet my eyes,
Mashallah ! how my soul with joy will rise.
I'll stroke my beard, proclaim “my face is
white,”
And bid to Franks and fogs a long good-night !

A LEAF FROM LADY BETTY'S DIARY.

*Westminster, 1712.**May 1st, 8 o'clock.*

Drank dish of chocolate in bed,
Reposed once more my aching head,
Read the "Spectator," ordered tea;
Looked in my glass and sipped bohea;
Drove to the "Change," cheapened a fan,
Ordered at Froth's a new sedan;
Dinner at four, then made a call,
On one I do not like at all!
But then I'd learnt that very day
That she was gone to stay away!
Lady L.'s basset tore my point lace,
Then lost my temper, and the ace!

May 2nd.

Awoke, combed Tiny, read a play,
Tried a new wash—then dressed in grey ;
Fontange, the tire-woman, said
The shade would couple well with red ;
Made a pincushion for my lover ;
My likeness saw in snuff box cover.
He pressed me then to name the day,
When I would give my hand away.
Gave him no answer, played picquet ;
He swore and flew off in a pet.
Broke my best china cup at tea ;
Dressed and drove out at half-past three.
Went to the “Mall,” passed Lady Flam ;
(I’m sure her jewels are all sham !)
Returning home I dropped my hair,
But quickly snatched it from the stair.
Young Jaques ran up in surprise !
I puffed the powder in his eyes.
Oh ! happy thought, he could not see
Those lovely locks belonged to me.

May 3rd.

Arose at eight, tried a new dye ;
Shifted my patch from chin to eye.

Fitted new head, with ribbons blue ;
Dressed, and drove out at half-past two.
Called on Miss Kitty, planned a drive.
To opera at half-past five ;
Heard Nicolini ; Jaques Heath
Clapped and encored till out of breath.
Found me my chair, and on the way,
Persuaded me to name the day !

A LEAF FROM THE DIARY OF LADY CONSTANCE.

Belgravia, 1868.

May 1st.

Awoke at eight, had tea in bed;
Rested once more my aching head.
Not home till four, no rest till five;
I wonder that I am alive!
Got up and dressed, seedy and slow,
Ordered my horse for Rotten Row;
Flirted and galloped there till two,
Then lunched, and pondered what to do.
Early carriage at half past four;
Oh! shopping is a horrid bore!
Dropped some pasteboards on the way;
Drove to the park so full and gay.
Talked to Sir Battered—quite a list
Of games he won last night at whist!
Yawn'd and drove home, dress number three;
Bennet brought up a cup of tea.

Carriage again, rolled out to dine ;
 Which meal commenced at half-past nine.
 At twelve behold me on the road
 To Lady Scamper's grand abode.
 Showed myself there, then off once more ;
 Danced and got home by half-past four.

May 2nd.

Awoke, planned " Croquet " in the Square,
 To make young Singleton declare !
 Arose at ten, tried a new hat,
 Methought the feathers hung too flat !
 The golden hair dye suits me well,
 I bought of Atkins in Pall Mall.
 Mem. : dropped my chignon in the ride ;
 I wondered why my " Jannette " shied,
 But knew I could not be betrayed,
 As all young ladies wear *one shade* !
 Wrote invitations for a ball.
 Young Singleton then came to call ;
 Goes to the Opera to-night
 Rushed up and dressed ! in real delight,
 Heard Sinico and Titians sing ;
 Then for two balls was on the wing,
 Arrived at home by half-past three !
 Young Singleton's declared to me !

SUDDEN DEATH.

"Watch, therefore, for you know not at what hour your Lord doth come."—Matt. 24, v. 42.

She stepped from her carriage, in splendid array,
And silks swept the hall, as she passed on her way;
Her arms and her neck gleamed with jewels so
rare,
And a brilliant tiara shone in her hair :
Ah ! who would have thought that death would
be there !

She ordered her coachman to come to her hour ;
She held up her bouquet, inhaling each flower ;
She smiled all around as she mounted the stair,
And seemed to have left at her home ev'ry care :
And who could have thought that death would
be there !

The greeting was warm, as the door open'd wide;
The hostess, she proffered a seat by her side,
Till the butler announced that the guests might
 repair
To the banqueting room, to consume the rich
 fare :
How little he knew what guest would be there !

The plate shone resplendent, like mirrors all
 bright,
And the rich china show'd in each lamp's
 softened light ;
The dinner was costly, and each took a share
Of a meal which had taken two days to prepare :
Oh ! who could have thought of Death seated
 there !

In magnificent glasses the ruby wine shone,
And the crystal ice cooled till 'twas melted and
 gone,
And the careless laugh sounded from young and
 the fair,
And the belle of the room tossed back her rich
 hair:
Yet no one imagined Death had his laugh there.

A face late so rosy, is now white as snow;
A form is now prostrate, none knew when or how;
And the servants have rushed, and each guest
hastes to share
The burden of one they convey in her chair :
Yet strange, even then none thought Death could
be there.

In three minutes her spirit had fled to that power
Who to each one decrees the day and the hour
When they must depart—*some* little heed where.
But I say to the wise “ Your lamps now prepare ;
The youngest and fairest Death doth not spare.”

The above was written to record the death of a lady of high standing in society, and greatly respected in London, at a dinner party. The *Times* of June, 1857, describes thus the melancholy event. “ Shortly after she had taken her seat at the table her head dropped suddenly on the shoulder of the lady next her ; the hostess called the attention of the footman, who with the aid of some of the guests removed her to a sofa in the next room, where she instantly expired.”

TO THE OBELISK OF SALLUST
AT ROME.

“Thou dark memorial of a bye-gone age,
Whose people, city, language are no more,
How o'er thy carved and deeply mystic page
The sage and student futilely explore.
Here, in the moonbeams raising thy tall form,
Once prostrate laid, when fell Imperial Rome ;
Thou gazest o'er the ashes of her dead,
Mixed in one common undistinguished tomb.
Lo ! generations glide through dark and light,
Like shadows passing 'thwart the morning ray ;
Lo ! o'er thy head descends another night,
A night to close with oft-repeated day.
If mem'ry through that stony heart could thrill,
How thou would'st smile while viewing modern
years,
Whose arts would claim our admiration still,
Where the grand dome of lofty Peter's rears !
What hast thou heard ? What from the
silent dead ?

The shout of joy, the bitter cry of woe ;
The Regal triumph, and the shaft which sped
And brought the Christian and the Martyr low.
The applause of gods, of kings, and senates all—
While yet the wreath was verdant on each brow,
Brought by caprice of fortune to their fall
Beneath the feet of an exulting foe.

There, where the Colosseum rears its head,
Broken by time, yet beauteous in decay ;
There was the blood of many victims shed
To swell the triumph of a single day !

Rome in surpassing glory thou hast seen,
Then the dark ages in their brutal gloom,
Till the bright era of the Christian beam
Awoke in soft fulgence from a tomb !

Yet still where man exerts his lordly sway,
There will perverted feelings ever dwell,
And in Rome's superstitions of this day,
We read on Christianity a stain.

And thou, mysterious emblem, thou mayst it
see,

The very nations we the greatest call,
Brought to the dust—brought low, proud Rome,
like thee,
With no memorial which can mark their fall.”

THE WILD HORSE.

"The beasts are chartered ; neither cage nor force
Can quell the love of freedom in a horse."

Lo ! o'er the shrubless waste the wild horse flies,
Snorting with fear, as with affrighted eyes
He sees the dexterous Peon near its side,
To throw the lasso o'er its reeking hide ;
No more at early dawn, by hunger led,
He crops the herb from off its dewy bed ;
Those taper limbs, so swift, so fleet must be,
Subservient to a base captivity ;
A master's burden must his back sustain—
A master's hand those buoyant steps restrain,
But oh ! ye masters, if in slavery e'er
It was your fate to pine with toil and care,
When your exhausted limbs long'd for repose,
And your o'er wearied eyes wished much to close,

Did ye not love and bless the kindly hand
Which strove to loose the hard and galling band
By soothing words ? and oh ! have ye not found
Half cured the pain, half healed the smarting
wound,
And cheerfully the toiling way ye trod,
And willingly sustained the weary load ?
Be then each kind to this his noble steed.
Half-reasoning brute, he'll try his utmost speed
Should danger menace, and his faithful eye
And grateful neigh will greet your footsteps nigh ;
Urge him not o'er his strength, but give him rest,
And Scripture saith ye shall be truly blest.

CONUNDRUM.

I'm sometimes a friend, I'm often a foe,
The essence of pleasure, the cause of great woe ;
Without my assistance you can draw breath,
I'm the agent of life, and agent of death !
Your walls and your houses 'gainst me are no
shield,
In vain I'm opposed by the oak of the field,
Wherever I rage, I put all in commotion,
And am dreaded alike on land and on ocean !

ROUSSEAU'S LAST WORDS.

Rousseau, before he expired, expressed a wish to be borne into his garden (where he had composed the greater part of his works) to view the setting sun.

- “ Oh, bear me to my favorite seat,
Where oft I've passed the noon-day heat ;
The sun is sinking in the west,
And I, like him, must go to rest.
- “ The waving willows o'er me sigh,
And whisper ‘ It is time to die ; ’
I go to seek serener skies,
And in this world no more shall rise.
- “ For yonder sun shall wait to cheer
The breast of man, and chase the tear ;
My race is run, my journey's o'er,
And I shall light the world no more.
- “ The mountain rose again will blow,
The sun with wonted ardour glow,
Whose beams will gild the giddy height,
And chase the sombre hues of night.

“ The chamois will forsake the vale,
To climb the steep, and sniff the gale ;
And travellers, with vigour new,
Will joyfully their path pursue.

“ The husbandman his toil will greet,
And peasant girls, with flowers sweet,
And fruits will load the patient ass,
To wend along the mountain pass.

“ I leave the scenes which I have sung,
Scenes now the theme of every tongue ;
Applause cannot prolong my days,
Tho' France hath crowned my brow with bays.

“ See the sun sinks !—and like this wind,
'Twill leave a flood of light behind !
'Tis gone ! and now my faltering breath
I give to the destroyer Death !”

CONUNDRUM.

In spring I look gay,
Dressed in verdant array ;
In summer more clothing I wear ;
As colder it grows,
I fling off my clothes,
And in winter quite naked appear !

THE PRISONER OF SPIELBERG, OR
SILVIO PELLICO.

Though pent in prison walls, 'mid dungeons damp,
In solitude I trim my tiny lamp,
For hardly could these darkening orbs survey
The now almost forgotten light of day ;
Though scarce this tongue can speak exalting
thought,
With cold, with hunger, and with misery fraught ;
Though hard these boards which screen the
humid floor,
On which I sink, sweet slumber to implore,
While clanging bolts announce the doled out food,
Brought by a hand which duty maketh rude ;
Yet I have consolation. Though my ear
Listens in vain, some friendly voice to hear,
And I gaze up so hopeless to these walls,
Whose height the stoutest, strongest heart ap-
palls ;
While tears undried, with anguish at their source,
Down my thin pallid sunken features course :

Thus dragging on from morn to weary night,
Existence in this lone and wretched plight ;
Yet I have consolation. I have said—
And all save this to me lies cold and dead—
I have a hope ! a precious hope within,
A faith which lights this lonely chamber dim ;
For in this book, the word of truth divine,
Where inspiration breathes in ev'ry line,
I read ! and to the hapless prisoner's heart,
A balm, a heavenly balm, it doth impart.

“ My God, I thank Thee ! though day's blessed
light

I may no more behold 'mid nature bright ;
Yet in my prison 'tis not utter night !
Here, from this well of truth divine I draw ;
Here mark, here read, digest each perfect law ;
Here, opening to my view, new worlds arise.
I think I see the bright transparent skies.
New scenes, new flowers, new beauties, I behold !
Unchangeable in form, of more than earthly
mould.

No prison wall impede my soul's glad flight,
I think I mount to realms of perfect light,
I think I clasp the friends long lost for ever,
And feel, oh ! bliss, we never more can sever !”

THE CZAR'S CHOICE.

(HISTORICAL SKETCH.)

Czar Michael Fedorowitz sent for all the celebrated beauties in his dominions, from the highest to the lowest grades, and having entertained them at a magnificent ball, made choice of a consort in the person of a beautiful farmer's daughter, whose unlooked for exaltation was made known to her the next morning by a magnificent present of jewels, and a costly wedding robe; her father was ploughing in the fields when he was informed of his daughter's good fortune.—*See the History of Russia.*

SCENE I.—THE HOMESTEAD.

THE TOILET.

“ My daughter, braid thy shining hair,
 The Czar, perchance, may find thee fair;
 These flowers will make thy sweet blue eyes
 Gleam brighter than the summer skies----
 Will make thy fair and polished brow
 Seem whiter than our Russian snow.
 If also he could see thy mind,
 He would to thee be more inclined ;
 Though born a serf in low estate,
 Virtue alone is truly great !”

" Oh ! mother mine, it cannot be,
The Czar would stoop to look on me !
Or raise with his imperial hand
The lowest in this mighty land ;
Would favour one whose birth hath been,
Amid the snow tipped hills of green ;
Whose ranset vest and cottage store,
Hath been her all, or asked she more !
No, no, some high born beauty bright,
In jewels deck'd, will win to-night !"

SCENE II.—THE PALACE.

Bright was the glow of that transcendent hall,
And sweet the flowers of that even fall,
And soft the music floating in the space
Enriched with gilding and the sculptured Grace.
While rich festoons of velvet, wrought with gold,
Fell from the splendid walls in ample fold ;
Slow in the distance fair advancing came
The rosy peasant and the jewelled dame.
Roses o'er one their fragrant odours shed,
While plumes adorned the other's stately head.
There was the tall brunette, with jetty hair,
And eyes to drive a suitor to despair ;

With rounded form, and hands and arms they
 might
Have 'shamed e'en Russia's snows—they were
 so white.
Then came the blue eyed maids, with fairy feet,
Twinkling e'en now the jocund dance to meet;
With hair in Albion's mode, fair floating loose,
Or bound like that of Greece in net of noose.
These all approach, and in long ranks divide,
Defiling through the hall on either side.
At length a stir is heard—the ample fold
Of an embroidered curtain, rich with gold,
Is slowly raised, and in a moment space
Gay cavaliers had filled each vacant place.
A pause ensued—"and last, not least" appeared,
With stately step, and brow to be revered,
The Czar himself! Round his fine manly form,
Unscathed by time, or vice, or civil storm,
Was flung a gorgeous robe of silk and gold,
From whence gleamed many a gem of price un-
 told!
His doublet wrought beneath Italia's sky,
'Broidered with silks of every shade and dye.
Showed close beneath a famed Damascus blade,
Which many a crafty foe in death had laid;

Glancing his eye around the motley crowd,
And bowing low with action pleased, yet proud,
He bade all welcome ; then to the rich throne
Moved on and sat for the last time alone.
The ball commenced ! each high born Cavalier
Chose him a dame from out the courtly sphere.
While the less proud, or soldier blunt, not rude,
For the bronzed hand of humble beauty sued ;
Never till then, before Imperial eyes,
Did such a lovely, varied scene arise.
Never till then did art and nature twine
A wreath so sweet as in those halls of thine,
Proud Czar ! and doth thine eyes still rove,
Unfettered by the 'tangling snares of love ?
At length in dazzled satiety it chanced
That eye to a more distant corner glanced,
Where some of lower grade had sat retired,
And danced at will, nor thought to be admired !
Yet there moved one who, 'neath a russet vest,
Showed a fair form, surpassing all the rest ;
And from a wild rose wreath peeped forth a face
All unsurpassed by Medician Grace.
From her soft eyes beamed innocence and truth,
With intellect beyond the blush of youth !

So graceful, too, she was—can nature's ease,
Combined with nature's bloom, e'er fail to please ?
Czar Michael moyed uneasy on his throne.
He could not hear her voice, but oh ! the tone
From such sweet lips must be as music low,
Pure as the ruby source whence it would flow !
From that time till the banquet and the ball
Had ceased, and silence brooded over all—
From that time did the eye and heart decide,
Of the Imperial Czar !—“ but who's the bride ? ”
Ye high born damsels, vain with toilet art,—
A serf hath gained the proud despotic heart.
Vain is your cautious rouge, the bleaching paste,
The auburn dye, the tightly circled waist ;
In vain, within the polished steel, you gaze
And dream of wealth and homage numbered
days !
Flown are your nightly visions, for to-morrow
Will bring reality, and with it sorrow.

SCENE III.—THE HOMESTEAD.

The morn arose, pure, and as freshly bright
As on the dawn of fair creation's light ;

But no less fair, and fresh, a humble maid,
'Rose from her bed, where later she had laid,
Her eyes were heavier than their wont to be,
And her thoughts wandered as she bent her knee
For prayer and supplication to that Power,
Who gives us blessings, though we sin each hour !
Lonely and sad, then, on the casement leaning,
With her sweet eyes on the far city beaming,
She poured a low complaint into the air,
Which wantoned softly with her jetty hair :
“ Thrice happy thou, fair dame, who e'er thou art,
That gained last night the Czar's Imperial heart ;
Thrice happy thou, such glory to possess,
As to receive his hand and soft caress ;
For oh ! 'tis not I covet all thy state,
For sorrow comes alike to low and great,
The blighting canker tooth of care may steal
Beneath thy jewelled vest, to make thee feel.
No ; 'tis that thou wilt have his glorious mind
Before thee all thy days, his smile so kind ;
'Tis that thou wilt, thro' life, feel that thou art
First in his thoughts, first in his princely heart.
Ah me ! such feelings, far beyond the rest,
Must make thee, as a queen or woman, blest.

But who are these in glittering robes of state
Who stand conferring, at my father's gate?
Behold ! they enter, I must quick descend
And hear what this strange visit doth portend.”
She trembles, blushes, and with reverence low,
Bends to the train and asks their will to know ?
“ Be thine the will, fair damsel ; thy command,)
Henceforth shall all obey in this wide land,”)
Said one, the chieftain of that glittering band.)
“ Behold the Czar Fœdorowitz would prove
By these bright gems and robe his ardent love,
And for his heart he fain would ask thy own,
To add a greater lustre to his throne.
Haste, then, the chapel's lit,* the carpet's laid,
The bridal cup awaits thee, happy maid.
Haste thee ! the Czar is waiting at the shrine,
Love's glittering wreath around thy brow to
twine.”

* On the event of a marriage in Russia, the chapel being lighted, and the altar decorated, a carpet is placed before it, on which the couple step (there is a humorous idea current—it is that whichever puts foot on it the first, *rules for life!*) After a certain number of prayers are said, the priest places on each head a glittering crown, either of gold, pearl, or precious stones, or common metal, all depending on either the rank or wealth of the parties ; each then takes a sip three times from a cup of wine and water, and then the blessing is pronounced.

THE OUBLIETTE.

OR FATAL "BAISER DE DA VIERGE."

Beneath the old Castle at Baden-Baden (formerly the residence of the Grand Dukes) there are several vaulted dungeons where the light of day has never entered. Outside one of these is an abyss of unknown depth. When a prisoner was condemned to the fatal "Baiser de la Vierge" he was first made to kiss an image of the Virgin, then stepping on the planks which hid the "Oubliette," they gave way, and he was hurled into eternity.

It groaned! the huge dark massive portal
groaned!

And I look'd round me at the boding sound !
Methought the shade of some past captive moaned
From the polluted, the unhallowed ground.

Yes, in that sound, whole histories of woe
Through my imagination seemed to glide ;
Sighs only heard by the damp walls below,
Tears, that by death, and only death, were
dried !

I saw the wretched father brought away
From the warm hearth, the cherished and the
lov'd,
By foul suspicion, 'neath a tyrant's sway,
And here a Christian and a Martyr proved.

I saw the youth, the joyous bounding youth,
With purest tenets budding in his mind,
Torn from this world, but oh ! each blessed truth
In a bright world, a better world to find.
I saw the mock tribunal, and the gleam
Of lurid torches in the vaulted room.
I heard the sentence, and the piercing scream,
As each poor wretch was hurried to his doom.
I saw each fiend-like countenance and sneer,
As woman, hapless woman, pleaded hard,
Not for herself, but oh ! for one more dear,
Whose fate hung on a sentence, on a word.
In yon dark chamber, where we shrinking glide,
Hangs yet the time-worn remnants of a chain,
Where each pale form in helplessness was tied
To wring confession from his breast of pain !
Good God ! and was it thus thy doctrines were
Deformed, misused, and that thrice blessed
creed,
From whence stream rays of mercy passing fair,
Made but a cloak to each unholy deed !
Thanks be to thee, the past we hope may never
Rear its sad front of dark and turbid years.
From purest precepts may we scorn to sever,
And Romish doctrine will excite no fears.

THE KING OF THE BEASTS.

AESOP'S FABLE VERSIFIED.

Æsop, for wit far famed of old,
Full many a well turned fable told ;
E'en stocks and stones (who would believe!)
He made to move, to walk, to live.
One story happens to relate
To kings, and men of high estate,
And shows that kingdoms flourish most
When men are fitted to their post.
It chanced that when the lion died,
That king of beasts, the forest's pride,
A council of imposing shape
Met, and proclaimed their king—an ape.
The fox, more deep in craft than wit,
They had rejected, as unfit ;
All thought he'd be inclined to watch
His statesmen, and their words to catch.

But Pug was mild, confiding, kind,
And to sage councils well inclined.
It chanced Sir Fox one summer's day,
Espied hard by the King's highway
A trap, which though in part concealed,
Let a nice morsel be revealed.
He told the King, extolled the prize;
His majesty, with eager eyes,
Proceeded where the treasure lay,
And seized with royal paw the prey !
But lo ! the trap was not disposed
For usage rough, and quickly closed.
“ Traitor !” cried Pug, “ what hast thou done ?
Thy punishment shall come anon.”
“ Softly, O King,” sly Reynard cried ;
“ How should I know what grass would hide ?
You should have guessed there was a gin,
And not have put your fingers in.
Those who rule others should be wise,
Nor use their paws before their eyes !”

THE CONSCRIPT'S BRIDE.

Oh ! weary, weary, are my feet,
My home is far away,
And I would seek a safe retreat,
Where I might weep and pray.
Home of my childhood, never more
Thy plains shall meet my glance ;
Ah ! never by the sparkling Loire
Shall I frequent the dance.
My life is now one dreary waste,
For I have lost my all !
Its joys I never more can taste,
E'en home itself would pall.
Broad river, to thy gore-stained wave,
I turn my languid eye ;
Would I in thee could find a grave,
And join my love on high.

Night's black'ning shade on yester eve
Shrouded the battle plain ;
There Henri died ! none could deceive,
For oh ! I saw him slain !
I crept from busied friends around
To gain yon rocky height,
Unheeding war's appalling sound,
The turmoil of the fight !
Then with an eager, anxious gaze,
I watched my hero speed,
As rushing 'mid the cannons' blaze,
He urged his foaming steed !
How many fell before his stroke !
Expiring on his side,
The Turk his prophet did invoke,
Then closed his eyes and died !
“ On, on,” he cried, “ France scorns to
yield !”
I saw a crafty foe
Rise stealthy from the battle field,
And aim a fatal blow !
I saw no more : like him I weep,
At that falchion's wave I fell ;
Would mine, like his, to find that sleep,
Which bids the world farewell !

Oh ! horrid war ! " Napoleon, thou
Hast blood upon thy head ;
Soon shall the laurels on thy brow
Be dabbled gory red."

Ah ! well I recollect the hour,
'Twas on my bridal morn,
When maidens culled the orange flower,
My forehead to adorn.

Then troops of smiling friends came round
To view the bride's attire ;
Then envy turned away and frowned,
And candour did admire.

There Henri, rich in ev'ry grace
That could adorn a youth,
With ardour beaming on his face,
Gave me his plighted truth.

With clasp of hands together raised,
We poured the mutual prayer,
While our pastor knelt, then praised,
And gave his blessings there.

The nuptial board was spread, and round
Sparkled the wines of France,
Until the tambour's joyous sound
Proclaimed the festive dance.

There Henri and his happy bride—
A happy bride was I !
By friends belov'd, a parent's pride,
Attracted ev'ry eye.
But, ah ! the dark'ning cloud of fate
Prepared a heavy blow,
Tho' sheltered is the peasant's state,
Safety then none could know ;
For soon the Conscript drum was heard
Booming along the air ;
Each smile had flown, yet met a word
Told our blank despair.
Could I restrain my grief, my cries,
When the accursed lots were drawn,
To see my husband from my eyes
By brutish soldiers borne ?
He cast one lingering look on me,
When torn from his embrace ;
I strove in vain to clasp his knee,
And gaze upon his face.
My tearless grief, as weeks passed by,
Told all that life ebbed fast,
And every agonising sigh
They thought would be my last.

One morn, half frenzied and alone,
I left my hearth so dear,
Deaf to my wretched father's groan,
Blind to a mother's tear.
I sunk beneath the heat of day,
I climbed the rocky steep,
I toiled along the thorny way,
I ploughed the stormy deep.
At last my wasted form was press'd
To Henri's heart again,
No thought remaining in my breast
Of past or future pain.
Oh ! hours of bliss, pass'd like the breath,
E'en now I'm doomed to sigh,
As, oh ! I feel that friendly death
Weighs heavy on each eye."

She sunk upon th' ensanguin'd shore,
And soon each flowing wave
Roll'd round her corse with sullen roar,
And form'd poor Laura's grave.*

* Napoleon the First tried to vindicate his cruel Conscriptions before the Senate by saying "they were not so numerous as has been represented," but there were many cases of husbands being torn from their wives on the very day of their marriage, whom they never again saw in this world.—See *History of France*.

QUEEN JOANNA.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.

The good Queen Joanna of Naples when besieged in the Castel Novo, by her ungrateful nephew, Charles of Durazzo, being reduced with her garrison, and a number of her subjects (whom she had allowed to take refuge there) to the extremity of famine, her niece, a lady of great wealth, but of a covetous spirit, who before the siege had refused to lend Joanna certain sums to aid her in the defence of the city, beholding the terrible sufferings of all around, brought a rich vase filled with gold and jewels, and laid it at the Queen's feet!—See *History of Italy*.

“ With keen remorse and deep repentant tears,
Behold a suppliant, gracious Madame, bend,
Who seeks with gold to lull thy boding fears;
For wealth may still thy rightful cause befriend.
For gold will stimulate the laggard’s sword,
Will brace the nerves by wine and wholesome
food,
Give strength to those who’ve pledged their truth
and word,
And bravely yet by Queen Joanna stood !

For famine stalks with eager eye,
And in these walls a cry is raised for bread ;
The mother clasps her babe, they faint, they die !
For nourishment is from her bosom fled.
The old man groans, he proffers one last prayer,
For one he loves, to pain and sorrow new ;
While o'er him bends that daughter once so fair,
Whose falling tears her wasted cheeks bedew.
The husband kneels distracted by his bride,
Whose blooming charms a cordial might restore ;
Safety with thee thou nobly didst provide—
This gold may purchase what they want still
more.

Oh ! that these gems had never decked my brow.
Oh ! that I had never prized this rich estate ;
If thou shouldst say it all is useless now,
And that my proffer'd succour comes too late !”
“ Thanks, dear repentant, for your offered loan.
Rise and embrace thy Queen, who can forgive ;
But wealth avails not now, it is a throne
I must resign, that these my people live !
Oh ! how it wrings my breast, the mute appeal
Of those for whom I've nothing but despair ;
And sometimes e'en I may too rashly feel
I'd give my life that they a crust should share !

Oh ! could'st thou fill yon glittering vase with
grain,
"Twould be more precious in their famish'd eyes ;
But rather cast it in yon azure main,
Ere it to perjured Charles becomes a prize !
From rich Provence a succour may arrive,*
Ample supplies will be at my command ;
God grant my people's courage keep alive,
And peace revisit this unhappy land.
Come, let us bend our knee before that guardian
power,
Who rules the winds and waves that they obey . . .
In famine or in death, no stated hour
Instructs the wretched when to kneel and pray !
But if it be ordained that we must die,
If from my brow the regal crown must fall,
I'll bow resigned, and He that rules on high,
Will venge my wrongs† while I obey His call!"

* Four days after the surrender of Joanna, the expected succour arrived from Provence—ten galleys laden with provisions sailed into the Bay of Naples, which, had they reached the Queen earlier, would have saved her country, her throne, and her life.

† Literally fulfilled : Charles of Durazzo perished not long after—it was said, by the hand of a woman.

PETRARCH'S DREAM.

(FREE TRANSLATION.)

"*Lavorami il mio pensier in parte or era,
Quella ch'io cerca e non ritrovo in terra.*"

PETRARCH.

Imagination raised me where
 She who of mortal birth
 Now shines amid the Heavens fair,
 Unlike a form of earth.
 Less haughty and more beauteous seemed
 This once frail child of clay,
 And while on me her beauty beamed
 She gently seemed to say—
 " Lo ! I am she thou long hast wept,
 Whò died in early youth,
 And though my form on earth hath slept,
 My spirit waits thy truth.

Here shalt thou dwell, here mid the bliss
Of this enchanted sphere.
Alone, I've tasted joy as this,
But soon thou wilt be here,
Nor can thy feeble soul conceive
The Heaven I now enjoy ;
Nothing on earth regret to leave
For bliss without alloy."
Why did she cease? why loose the hand
I pressed within my own?
Where was that form, that happy land?
Where had those accents gone?

THE DYING NUN TO THE NOVICE.

Midnight.—Scene, a cell.

“ Hush ! sister 'tis the midnight hour.
I called thee to my cell,
For shades of death around me lower ;
I fain would say farewell !
But wake not up the virgin choir,
For I would die in peace ;
I crave no unction, as the fire
Of life would sooner cease.
But I would warn thy tender years—
Ah ! yes, with trembling breath—
Would tell how doubt, regret, and fears
Have sealed my early death !
Deluded girl ! say, dost thou crave
To wear the chains I leave ?
I tell thee in this living grave
Thou dost thy soul deceive.

Forbear to take the binding vow !
Mark'st thou this hollow cheek ?
I was as fair and fresh as thou,
And did the cloister seek.
Enthusiastic feelings wrought
But for one short lived year ;
Experience then, too dearly bought,
Showed all I had to fear !
Oh ! the long weary days I've past,
In deep and tearless woe ;
No friend on whom my care to cast,
And cause relief to flow !
Dared I to my confessors tell
That I abhorred my lot ?
Confined within some noisome cell,
I should have died forgot !
When could I trust myself to hear
The sound of childhood's glee ?
Oft have I wiped the bitter tear,
When infants smiled on me.
When the fond mother clasped her boy
In rapture to her breast,
I felt with wife's or mother's joy
I ne'er could be impres't.

Through the long fast and vigil drear,
Visions of home would rise,
And for the lov'd and lost a tear
Would dim these languid eyes.
My father's voice, my mother's smile,
My brother's joyous song,
In dreams my spirit would beguile,
And make regret more strong.
But on the margin of the grave,
Why should I now recall
Such thoughts ? but that I fain would save
Thee from the cloister thrall !
I clasp Thine image, Saviour, God !
Who died that I might live !
Oh ! spare Thy purgatorial rod,
My vain regrets forgive !
Take me where sorrow dwelleth not,
From vows of pain and woe,
Take me where sin is cleansed, forgot,
Farewell, I go—I go—”

[*She dies !*

THE BANDIT'S WIFE.

The wind blows o'er the mountain's head,
And round my lonely cot
Sweeps in low whispers, cold and dread.
“ My love, why com’st thou not?
Behold thy cradled babe is sleeping,
From care and sorrow free,
But I beside his pillow weeping
Can only think of thee.
Sometimes I spin my fleecy store,
And chant a mountain lay,
Which helps to drown the tempest’s roar,
Or chase dull time away.
Then fancy to my fevered brain
Pictures a manly form,
Stretched cold upon some barren plain,
Amid the wintry storm.
I see thee, too, 'mid flood or fell,

As, with the robber band,
Thou bravest dangers wrought with blood,
In this thy native land.
Behold thy frugal store is spread,
Thy hearth with embers warm,
For glad will be this humble shed
To shield thee from the storm.
Ah! how my heart with bounding glee
Will fly to meet thine own—
Will fly, that cheering smile to see,
And hear that soothing tone.
Though thou shouldst bring me jewels rare,
Meet for a noble dame,
Or naught but peasants' humble fare,
I'll greet thee all the same.
Return, oh! then return to me,
My beautiful, my brave ;
Each holy saint I will implore
Thy life, my all, to save."

DAFYDD Y GARREY WEN,

OR

“ DAVID” OF THE “ WHITE STONE HOUSE.”

It is a general tradition in Carnarvonshire that a bard of this name, who had concealed himself from the general massacre of his brother minstrels in the time of Edward I., when lying on his death-bed, called for his harp, and with feeble fingers performed a beautifully pathetic air (still extant), and called by his name. He desired it should be repeated at his funeral, on his own instrument. The house in which he lived and died is still shown, and called, after him, “ Y Garrey Wen.”—*See History of Wales.*

“ Oh ! bring my harp ; I would sing songs of yore !
 I would to thee unveil my trembling soul ;
 I touch already on the spirit shore,
 I’ve reached, oh ! life, thy last, thy final goal.

“ I feel, I feel this labouring breath grow faint,
 ’Tis here ; yet, oh ! the spirit speaks within
 Its last deep inspirations, with the taint
 Of earth still on them, and each earth-born sin.

" Right bravely were our deeds of valour done,
When we stepped forth, the foremost in the
field,
When the bold men of Harlech we led on,
Nor spared the foe, unless the foe would yield.

" I struck my harp (the chords which now I strike),
To wake fresh ardour in each manly breast ;
' Away with fears ! ye cowards, would ye like
To serve in courts and seek ignoble rest ?

" ' Fight for your country ! yon blue mountains
there.'

Echo, ' We fight for you !' each towering brow
Swells out with grandeur in the mid-day air,
And seems to list each bold and manly vow.'

They heard, they fought, they conquered and
returned,
They brought them spoils of many a wealthy
foe,
And vowed, while every breast with freedom
burned,
To bring the tyrant and th' oppressor low.

“ Years have crept on in these sad latter days,
I’ve led a life of sloth ; my brother’s dead ;
I’ve hid myself from man’s deceitful gaze,
And ‘scaped the snares by kingly prudence
spread.

“ Now I must die ; my harp, my friend, my all,
O’er thy loved strings I waft my latest sigh ;
Thou shalt be carried, and behind my pall
Thy plaintive accents shall lament and die.”

“ I go to realms where thro’ the taintless air
Thy harmonies are swelled by angel hands,
Where there are mountain tops, but, oh ! more
fair,
Where there are armies of archangel bands.

“ I come, I come—now lay my harp aside,
I come, I come, ye bright seraphic choir.”
A beam lit up his eye, he turned and died,
And quenched for ever was the bardic fire.

THE END.

